the weekly Standard

NOVEMBER 13, 2000

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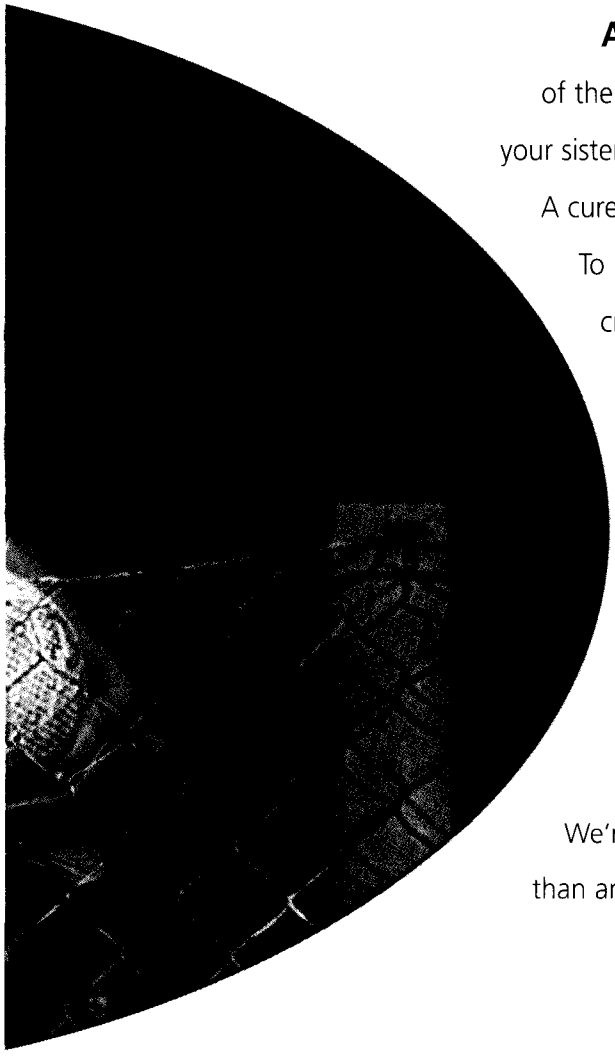

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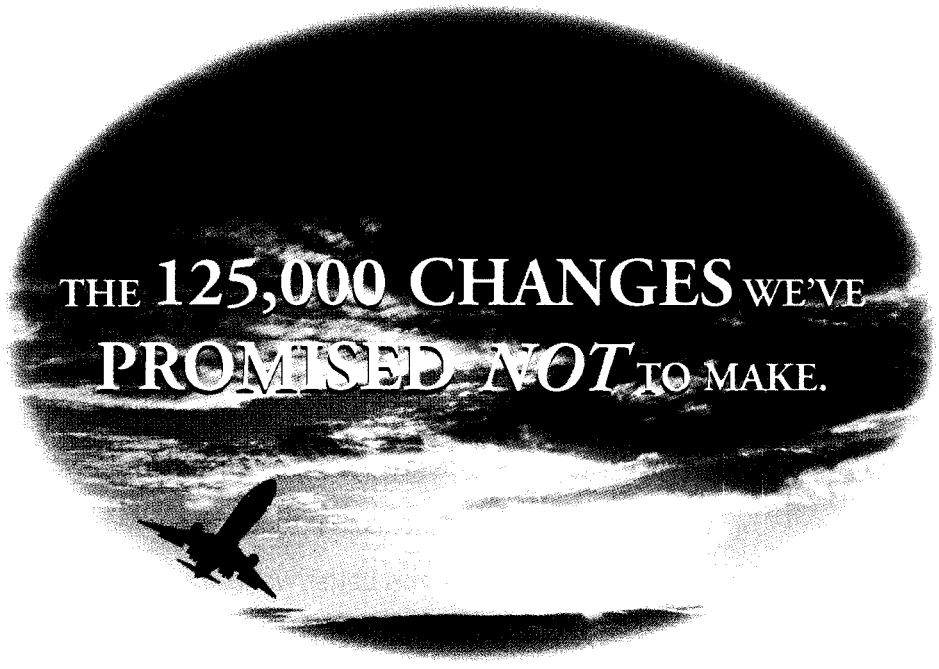

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the weekly Standard

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The Maine Event

As dirty tricks go, the leak to a Maine TV reporter of George W. Bush's 1976 arrest for driving under the influence of alcohol is a mixed bag. THE SCRAPBOOK has to award it 10 points for timing: It's the first November Surprise. On the other hand, the information itself is true. World-class dirty tricks involve what the late Mayor Daley of Chicago called "insinuendo." Still, if a link to the Gore campaign can be established, the D-Dubya-I story, as the *New York Post* headlined it, will enter the tricksters' pantheon.

But as we go to press on Friday, no such link has been proved. Tom Connolly, a Portland lawyer and Democratic convention delegate, gave a reporter the arrest record. Gore spokesman Chris Lehane, who grew up in Kennebunkport, Maine, where the arrest took place, says his camp had absolutely nothing to do with it. And Connolly told CNN that though he tried to fax the information to the Gore campaign, "the line was busy."

Connolly's contention "I have not had direct contact myself" with the Gore campaign sounds like weasel wording. But even if it isn't, Republicans, mindful of their WWCD bracelets (What Would Clinton Do?), will find it difficult to resist going after Connolly. It has nothing to do with Bush's behavior, but it's fun and God knows there's a rich vein of material.

Connolly contends that he publicized Bush's arrest because many would consider it "a crime of moral turpitude"—moral turpitude being something Connolly is quite familiar with from his criminal defense practice. Not only has the solo practitioner represented hundreds of drunk drivers (irony alert), he's also championed a client who hurled racial slurs and bricks at a Portland woman and her 8-month-old biracial baby and another who tied his girlfriend's four-year-old daughter to a bed, beat her, sexually abused her, then cooked her to death in an oven.

During an unsuccessful 1998 bid for governor on the Democratic ticket, Connolly taunted Angus King, saying the incumbent had probably never received a grateful kiss from a heroin-addict client. (Even with Maine's addict community in his corner, Connolly garnered only 12 percent of the vote.)

In short, Connolly turns out to be a bit of a publicity jockey. (If THE SCRAPBOOK were a Court TV producer, it would have him signed to a contract already.) A delegate to both the 1996 and 2000 Democratic conventions, he showed up for the former costumed as Bob Dole. And during that same Chicago convention, he tried to interest local police in a bloody knife he found at a vacant lot during a clean-up effort, suggesting to them that it could be O.J. Simpson's. (He could tell the knife had been used in a stabbing, since "I defended a guy once who filleted someone.")

If you doubt that Connolly had it in for Bush, you should visit his website, *wienerboy.org*. In this painfully unfunny political satire site (which Connolly constructed earlier this year), he wittily asserts that the "W" in George W. Bush stands "for Wiener." He worries about Bush's character, since "with Clinton we knew about Paula Jones way in advance" (actually, we knew about Gennifer Flowers way in advance, but it's easy to confuse Clinton conquests and attempted conquests, on account of the sheer number). He is obsessed with Bush's executions record and lists the last meals of many of the condemned. Charles Tuttle, for instance, requested fried eggs, sausage patties, five pieces of white toast, and four Dr. Peppers. If Bush is guilty of a "crime of moral turpitude," Connolly, we think, may have committed a crime against humanity by composing this bit of political free verse: "All of 'em / put to death by drugs / Government drugs / that do in fact kill." Yuck.

More troubling still is that though Connolly professes to be Bates College's 1979 valedictorian, rudimentary spelling seems to elude him. (If THE SCRAPBOOK were Bates College, it would revoke the diploma.) As he presses his case that Bush is an intellectual lightweight, Connolly accuses him of being "padandict" (pedantic, we think) and wonders how to "devine the future."

If there is to be a President Bush, may his next tormentor come out of the woodwork armed with spellcheck. ♦

Very Idiosyncratic

It was no surprise to find Martin Peretz making the case for "Gore, a Fiscal Conservative," in the pages of the *Wall Street Journal* last week. The editor-in-chief of the *New Republic* is also the press corps's Gore-booster-in-chief. What did come as a surprise for those who read the endorsement with care was the line about President Reagan: "Ronald Reagan was my favorite Republican president of this century, and at the idiosyncratically liberal *New Republic* we admired his vigorous anti-communism." Favorite? Admired?

Well, it's true that THE WEEKLY STANDARD's Fred Barnes and our contributing editor Charles Krauthammer penned some Reagan-admiring pieces for that magazine in the 1980s. But the editorials tell a different story.

Let's see. Here was the idiosyncratically liberal reaction to Reagan's famous speech at the National Association of Evangelicals in Orlando in 1983: "According to Ronald Reagan,

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history is reaching a climax. He portrayed his country as embattled, set upon by enemies from without and within, fighting for nothing less than its reason for being. The enemy without is Communism, which the President described as 'the focus of evil in the modern world'; the speech left friends and foes around the world with the impression that the President of the United States was contemplating holy war."

And here is an idiosyncratic editorial reaction to a 1984 Reagan speech: "Ronald Reagan is making fools of the American people. We can draw no other conclusion from the President's speech last week on nuclear weapons and the state of Soviet-American relations. The speech must be compared with his other important orations in office, specifically the 'Star Wars' speech and the 'empire of evil' speech, both of them delivered last spring. He was lying then or he is lying now."

And there was this highly idiosyncratic October 1986 *New Republic* editorial: "When Reagan retires, . . . Americans will begin rubbing their eyes in rueful wonder at the aftermath of his eight-year national fiesta. Then, the question will be: How did he get away with it?"

We don't doubt that Mr. Peretz wishes to remember the 1980s differently. As a friend points out, the French have a name for this: *maquis d'après-guerre*. ♦

Liberals for Vouchers

November 2000 has been a good month for the school voucher movement—whatever the fate of the ballot initiatives in Michigan and California. The campaign has elicited a new round of pro-voucher pronouncements from prominent liberals.

Most notably, on Nov. 1, the *Washington Post* editorialized in favor of vouchers. And in doing so, it offered this bracing repudiation of anti-voucher hypocrisy: "Inner-city school reform has been going on for just about as long as inner-city school failure. Most voucher opponents wouldn't, and don't, tolerate such conditions for their children. . . . They choose private schools or settle in better school districts. . . . Then they argue that enterprising students left behind shouldn't be allowed similarly to escape, because it would be unfair to the rest."

The next day, lefty *Wall Street Journal* columnist Al Hunt gave vouchers a thumbs-up. Hunt concluded, "With persistently failing schools—the target of Michigan's [Proposal] 1—some radical remedies have to be tried or we relegate these kids to a vicious circle from which few escape." Amen. ♦

Extra! Extra!

This issue of The Weekly Standard was printed the Friday before Election Day. Next week's issue will contain a full analysis of the results. But we know some of you won't want to wait that long. So a special Daily Standard covering the outcome of the election will be posted on our website on Wednesday, Nov. 8. Visit *weeklystandard.com* early and often. ♦

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Casual

My Inner Yankees Fan

About a week ago, I spent a few days struggling with the suspicion that I was spiritually polluted. It was something David Brooks wrote that got me started.

As I'm sure you recall, two weeks ago on this page my esteemed colleague published a characteristically elegant and funny essay in which he made bold to predict the outcome of this year's all-Gotham World Series. The Series, he explained, would be decided not by skillful play but through the functioning of an absolute moral imperative.

On the one hand, you had the New York Mets, "exuberant boys somehow touched by grace" who delight their "innocent" fans by bravely wielding mere ballpark "pixie dust" against opposing teams full of faceless, free-agent Goliaths. And on the other hand, you had . . . well, the ur-Goliaths themselves, the two-time defending champion New York Yankees, auction-purchased superstars whose fans are power-loving gorillas with "gold chains" and "back hair." Surely, friend Brooks announced, this primitive tribe is not to be granted a third-straight October excuse to gloat and swagger. Surely, instead, God has created baseball in His image and the Mets *must* therefore win.

Which result would have been okay with me, or so I imagined before the Series began. New York baseball is an ancient but highly abstracted loyalty in my family. We Tells, that is to say, have long been in the habit of pulling for both the Yankees and the Mets at the same time. And we have grown accustomed to having this double affection rewarded. In the 31 years preceding the 2000 season, our favored teams collected 10 league championships and 7 World Series victories—each of which I remember with unmodulated pleasure.

Three weeks ago, as the Yankees and Mets wrapped up pennants numbers 11 and 12 simultaneously, I figured I had it made. I figured a Subway Series meant I was sure to witness my eighth New York world title. And I figured this one would come at no risk to my nerves and self-respect. Never once would I frighten my children by shrieking at the television set when something went wrong. Never would I wish illness or injury on the "other" team's stars. For there would

be no "other" team, really, and so nothing could go wrong. I would be a model of emotional equipoise and good sportsmanship during every at-bat of every inning. And at the end of the Series, come what may, I would *still* be able to bask in the winner's glow.

This was my plan, anyway. But it fell apart five minutes into game one at Yankee Stadium, when a lifetime of carefully maintained New York baseball agnosticism suddenly deserted me and I found myself transformed into a rabid home-team partisan. Suddenly I cared very much that the incumbent Yankees should win. And I prayed the upstart Mets would lose. I hated them, even.

I told my children that Mets batters reminded me of nearsighted fat kids I knew in Little League. During game two, I told my children that Mets catcher Mike Piazza *intended* for his broken bat to spin toward the pitcher's mound at Roger Clemens and knock him unconscious. I told my children that Clemens *should* have thrown the bat back at Piazza—and that it was too bad he'd missed. At one point during game three, when a crowd reaction shot briefly filled our TV screen, I told my children that all 55,000 people in Shea Stadium that night were relatives of a man named Joey Buttafuoco. Then I told them who Joey Buttafuoco is. In considerable detail.

And finally, when game five was finished and a Yankees three-peat safely secured, I gloated. For hours.

Why? This is the question that briefly plagued me last week. Had my gloating revealed me to be the kind of Yankees-booster goon David Brooks described in his essay—a man of bad character?

I did not want to believe it. So first I had my wife check my back for hair growth; there was none, thank heavens. Then I set about constructing ex post facto rationalizations for abandoning family tradition and choosing one New York ballclub over the other. The Yankees are aesthetically superior, I told myself, old-fashioned baseball formalists who call their manager "Mr. Torre." The Mets, by contrast, are sports vulgarity personified. Shea favorite Mike Piazza, to take but one of many possible examples I've considered, dates a Peruvian bimbo who posed nude in *Playboy*—with her own twin sister! So what if family man Roger Clemens, no doubt offended by Piazza's infantile conception of eros, threw a baseball bat at him? Honor demanded it.

Such arguments as these have helped me recover confidence in my own integrity, and I hope they will prove a comfort to Yankees fans everywhere. Failing that, of course, they are always free to gloat some more. That works, too, I find.

David Tell

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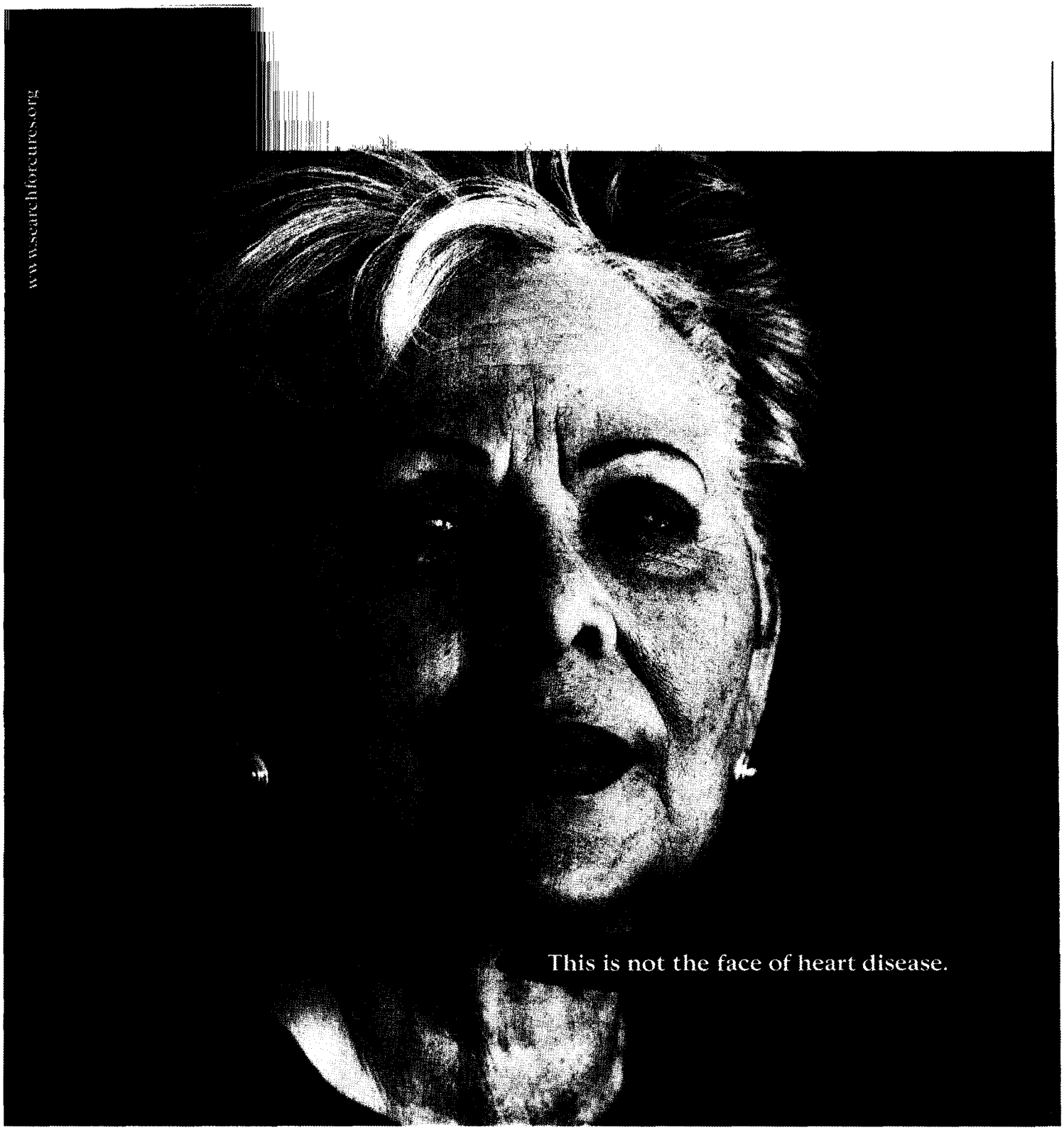

It's the face of Lois Gomes Clark — basketball fan, gym member, newlywed. Nine years ago she noticed she was so short of breath she could hardly climb the stairs. When heart disease was diagnosed, Lois was afraid. But, thanks to effective heart medicines, she's no longer living in fear. Today, Lois is living a healthy lifestyle and enjoying retirement with her new husband. Heart disease is the leading cause of death for women, but new medicines have helped reduce deaths from the disease by half. New medicines are also helping to keep more patients out of the hospital by controlling high-risk conditions that lead to heart disease, such as high blood pressure and high cholesterol. Pharmaceutical company researchers are working hard to discover breakthroughs that will help make many illnesses and diseases a thing of the past and bring more patients new hope for a better tomorrow. So Lois and millions of others can laugh, love and pursue life's wonderful adventures.

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Policing Your Mind

Jackson Toby is right that hate-crime laws are a bad idea, but he misses the mark in explaining why ("Hate-Crime Laws: What's Not To Like," Oct. 30). By talking about hate-crime laws in liberal terms of "wasting scarce custodial space" and prison sentences that "may be longer" than what the criminal "deserves," Toby suggests (falsely) that if those problems were eliminated—if judges were given more flexibility in sentencing, or if prisons were less crowded—hate-crime laws might be a good idea. Unfortunately, by concentrating as he does on the "policy" question of whether hate-crime laws will have a positive effect on the judicial system, he diminishes and even implicitly concedes the more important and far more compelling philosophical argument against such laws.

The real problem with hate-crime laws is that they single out the one element of criminal activity that is not a crime—hate—and convert it into the sole basis for a stricter penalty. In effect, these laws criminalize hate. And hate, however disdainful, is an inclination, like all other emotions and beliefs, that is and should be protected by the right to free speech.

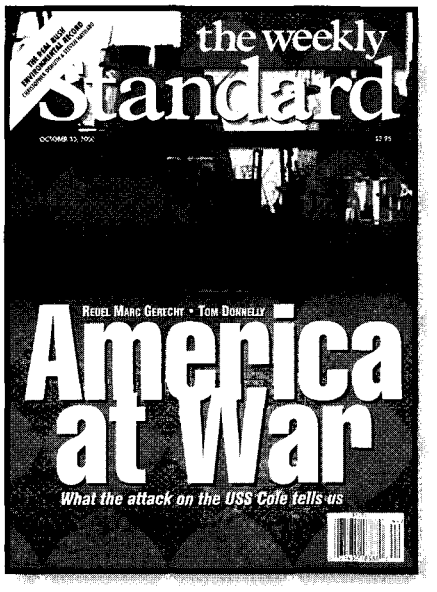
What is not protected, of course, is criminal activity, which thankfully is already punishable by law. All crime is hateful; we need not delve into deep-seeded prejudice or make value judgments among those prejudices to bring to justice those who commit heinous crimes. Neither do we need to couch our principled conservative opposition to hate-crime laws in bland liberal policy terms. The case for strict uniform penalties—based on the crime and not the motivating beliefs—is not so difficult to make. Toby does hate-crime-law opponents a disservice by declining to advance it.

Lauren Kummerer
Notre Dame, IN

Jackson Toby is generally correct to say that hate-crime law is bad for America. However, Toby uses logic that is not based on the principles of liberty and freedom.

Hate-crime laws punish a person for two reasons rather than just one. They punish criminals for their actions, and for their thoughts used in conjunction with their actions. Liberals have successfully whipped the conservative movement with assistance from the news and entertainment media to demonize individuals who disagree with them.

I too am repulsed and frustrated with the ignorance that infests the people who commit acts of senseless violence against an individual because of his race or for any other reason. However, are we to say that killing a man for his money is somehow more noble than killing him because of the color of his skin? Dead is dead. We need to punish people for their bad behavior and nothing else. Hate-crime law is just the first step in the process to legislate what we may think.



Matthew B. Libby
Stillwater, ME

Fighting Terror

Tom Donnelly's "America At War" is long on criticism and short on conclusions (Oct. 30). Donnelly says that blowing a hole in the USS *Cole* was not a terrorist act but an act of war against the United States and that we should react accordingly. Fine, but he doesn't suggest what the reaction should be.

Who is the enemy? Two Arabs who want to join Allah before their time, or a wealthy Saudi who lives under a tent in the desert? Perhaps Donnelly believes the United States should bomb Afghanistan to kingdom come because Osama bin Laden may be living there and may be responsible.

Martin S. Harris
Cape Coral, FL

With all due respect, Tom Donnelly's "America at War" contains some language and thinking that could be deleterious to the United States and all Americans. I am referring first to Donnelly's reference to the terrorists who killed 17 U.S. sailors on the USS *Cole* as "clever" and engaging in "an extraordinary act of self-sacrifice and courage," and second to Donnelly's general inability to distinguish between war and acts of terrorism.

On the first point, anyone familiar with U.S. policy over the past few decades should know that the United States consistently refers to terrorist acts as "cowardly." There are good reasons for doing this. Blowing up people who have no warning or reason to believe they have been targeted, such as the sailors on the *Cole*, the people in the U.S. embassies in Africa attacked in 1998, or the people in the federal building in Oklahoma City, is neither admirable nor justifiable, and should be disparaged.

Although many terrorists display bravery in commission of their heinous acts (as do some bank robbers and assassins, for that matter), the acts are considered so contemptible that we usually don't compare their perpetrators to John Wayne, as Donnelly does.

Donnelly's reference to the 1993 battle in Mogadishu emphasizes his general confusion. That action occurred in the context of military (or peacekeeping, if you prefer) operations. The U.S. Rangers and Special Forces troops involved were armed, ready, and aware that they were involved in a hostile situation. No sensible person could compare the Somali militiamen, who were openly and courageously fighting well-armed U.S. troops in their own country, to a terrorist, unnamed and operating for an unknown cause, who performs a sneak attack on a completely unaware naval vessel in a peaceful port.

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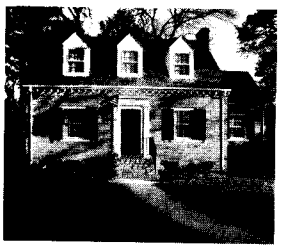

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There are gray areas in war, peace, and even terrorism, but none so gray that U.S. opinion makers should feel the need to publicly laud the courage of terrorists merely because they are willing to sacrifice themselves in the service of a bad cause.

CARLTON AMES
Tokyo, Japan

LIVING THE DREAM

I WAS FASCINATED by David Tell's Casual "Forget the Titans" (Oct. 23). By introducing his own experiences at the time, Tell correctly questions the portrayal of Alexandria, Virginia, in 1971 as depicted in the movie *Remember the Titans*.

Perhaps my own experiences are even more demonstrative of the twisted portrayal of race relations and the football elite in the South. I was a player on the integrated Alabama 4-A state championship high school football team in 1967 and 1968 from Sidney Lanier High School in Montgomery, Alabama. We were ranked third nationally in 1967 and won the state championship for the third year in a row in 1968 with white and black players. As high school football teams go, there was none superior.

Was there racial strife? I don't recall much at all. We sweated and bled together, and the strong leadership of our coaches ensured we were a championship team. Nothing as dramatic as shown in the movie occurred to make us football champions. We just were. And one of our cheerleaders was none other than Peggy Wallace, the daughter of the governor of Alabama. I didn't notice her cheer any more for white players than for black players.

So we had a public school in the deep South just a couple of years after the march from Selma to Montgomery, attended by the governor's children and black students alike, that produced a perennial state championship football team with black and white players. But where were the press and movie producers to document these events?

MIKE MCKEEVER
San Diego, CA

OOPS, HE DID IT AGAIN

JOHN PODHORETZ is probably right about *The Contender* ("Never a Contender," Oct. 30). Even the ads and trailers lead me to believe the movie overflows with the kind of self-righteous, liberal, Hollywood-style preaching about American politics that sets my teeth on edge.

But I'm pretty certain Podhoretz is wrong about one important point he makes in his review, at least the way I read Section 2 of the 25th Amendment: "Whenever there is a vacancy in the office of the Vice President, the President shall nominate a Vice President who shall take office upon confirmation by a majority vote of both Houses of Congress."

The congressman played by Gary Oldman would clearly play a significant role in the confirmation of a vice presidential nominee.

SCOTT E. HUCH
Falls Church, VA

JOHN PODHORETZ RESPONDS: Oops. Of course I got the 25th Amendment wrong. But in the movie, Oldman is the sole chair of the committee that oversees the confirmation. That would never happen in a joint hearing—there would have to be a senator who served as co-chair. Which is not to say I was right; just to say the movie remains wrong.

PEACE AT LAST

EDITOR'S NOTE: In his Casual entitled "Shelf Life" (Oct. 9), David Brooks attributed Neville Chamberlain's infamous phrase "peace in our time" to a book written by the prime minister's brother Austen. On Oct. 23, THE WEEKLY STANDARD printed a letter from Tom Graham tracing the phrase to a hymn written in 1842 by H.F. Chorley. Apparently, the phrase predates the hymn as well. The discussion continues below.

TOM GRAHAM may well be right that Neville Chamberlain had in mind the refrain from H.F. Chorley's rousing hymn when he used the phrase "peace in our time." But it seems more likely to me that he was thinking of the fifth of the six "Suffrages"—brief petitions and responses in the service of Matins, or Morning Prayer, as familiar to any churchgoing Englishman of that day as the Lord's Prayer itself: "Give peace in our time, O Lord. / Because there is none other that fighteth for us, but only thou, O God." The words had been in the Book of Common Prayer since 1549, when Archbishop Cranmer composed the first Prayer Book. And, of course, that's where Chorley found them.

BRUCE YOUNG
Cedar Key, FL

THE EXPRESSION "peace in our time" comes from the versicle "Give peace in our time, O Lord" in the "Suffrages" of the Order for Morning Prayer and Evening Prayer in the 1662 Book of Common Prayer of the Church of England. As such, it was familiar to millions of English churchmen, and Chamberlain's use of it would have found considerable resonance.

This supplication has been a part of the English liturgy since 1549 and is still found (though only in the Evening Prayer) in the 1928 American Book of Common Prayer as used by continuing Anglican and traditional Episcopal churches. It was dropped in the bowdlerized and emasculated American Prayer-Book of 1976/1979.

(The Rev.) Philip Barber
Rector, St. George's Anglican Catholic Church
Temple Hills, MD

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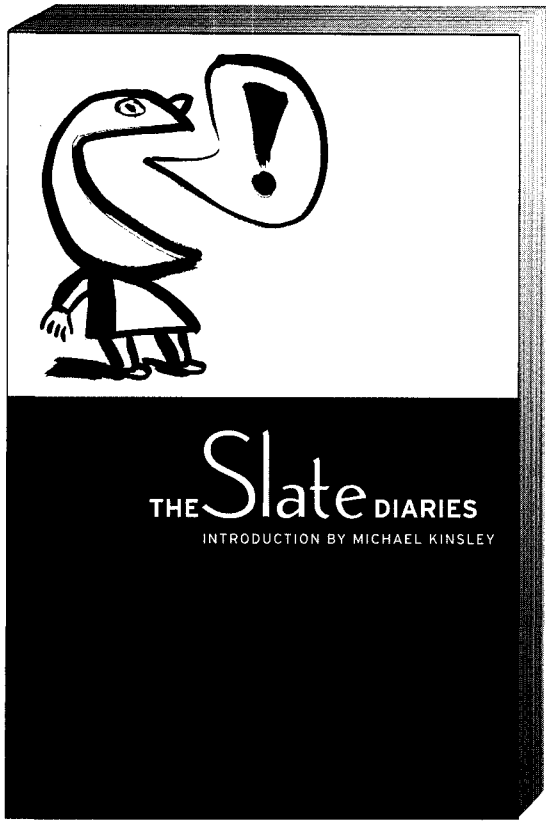

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the weekly Standard

The Next Administration

This week features the last presidential election of the 20th century. I say this not to associate myself with the pedants who insist the 21st century doesn't begin until January 1, 2001. I say it because this campaign has been about the familiar issues of the latter part of this century, not about the big questions of the next.

There's not necessarily anything wrong with this. Social Security, tax cuts, integrity in the Oval Office—all these are legitimate and important issues, if somewhat familiar ones. Elections are usually about familiar issues, featuring familiar debates and positions, and there's no reason this one should have been different. In fact, one could go further: The common refrain that elections are (or should be) about the future, not the past, is silly. Past performance is what we know a lot about. Voters have the information on which to make retrospective judgments; prospective ones are much trickier. And voters are more comfortable weighing familiar issues than novel ones.

The election of 2000 will, I suspect, look to historians much like that of 1960. The issues that will matter in the next decade were never raised.

Still, it's fair to point out that the debate this year hasn't given us much guidance about the fundamental issues of the next few years. It's also fair to point out that this year's election may tell us little about what lies ahead. What decade stands out in our minds as one of unprecedented change and turmoil? The 1960s. What election utterly failed to foreshadow the dominant trends of that decade? The election of 1960. That campaign was a conventional contest between 1950s moderate liberalism and 1950s moderate conservatism. John F. Kennedy's campaign barely prefigured the huge developments on the left in the 1960s—the civil rights revolution, student radicalism, feminism, etc. And Richard Nixon's campaign offered almost no hint of the rise of modern conservatism to dominance in the GOP via Barry Goldwater and Ronald Reagan.

The election of 2000 will, I suspect, look to historians much like that of 1960. The results either way (this magazine is being printed 72 hours before the polls open) will not speak to certain fundamental issues of the decade ahead.

America's role in the post-Cold War world? Minimally and confusingly debated this year, with a focus on the least illuminating questions (Is the military overextended? Is there enough burden-sharing in Kosovo?) rather than the more important ones (America's relations with China, our role in Colombia's drug wars, our acceptance or rejection of a neo-imperial role in the world).

Reviving real citizenship and self-government? Only glancingly addressed by Gore and Bush, with very little discussion of curbing the courts or reforming campaigns or enacting school choice or challenging corporate welfare. The prospect of Brave New World-type "advances" in science and technology? Ignored. Religion in politics, gay rights, the defense of the family and of the unborn—nervously avoided (by both sides) as much as possible.

I don't know what the next decade will bring. But I strongly suspect we will spend much of our time debating these kinds of issues. The 2000 campaign hasn't given us much help in this task. As Eric Cohen pointed out in last week's issue, we've had a small election despite the fact that big issues loom before us. But the big issues won't go away.

This suggests that the winning party especially should be careful when it extrapolates from the results this year. It won't necessarily be on a roll. Losing parties as a matter of course try to reinvent themselves for the next round. This time both parties may need to rethink the future.

—*William Kristol*

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Why There's No Clinton Legacy

Bill Archer was willing to reform Social Security. The president wimped out. BY FRED BARNES

SOON AFTER CHRISTMAS in 1996, Republican representative Bill Archer of Texas met privately with President Clinton in the White House. Clinton had just been reelected. Archer, the chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee and an advocate of scrapping the federal income tax, was eager to enlist the president in the battle for tax reform. But Clinton had something else on his mind: reform of Social Security. He brought up the subject, saying he wanted to fix Social Security "for all time." Archer was surprised, given the political difficulty of the task. Clinton was adamant: He'd make the "tough decisions." He'd "get out in front" and give Republicans political cover on the issue.

What ensued was a three-year saga of talk and negotiation between two very different men. Clinton is a showhorse, self-absorbed and politically nimble, Archer a workhorse, low-key but ideologically driven. Their relationship tells a lot about them, both soon to retire. Next January 20, the president leaves after eight years in the White House, and Archer departs after 30 years in the House, the last six as Ways and Means chief. On Social Security, Clinton's performance was characteristic of his presidential style: He talked a good game but took no chances. Archer, too, lived up to his reputation. He risked a backlash among GOP leaders by engaging Clinton one-on-one. A conservative but not particularly partisan Republican, he was willing to leapfrog the system in the fight to reform entitlements and the tax code.

Despite the Clinton-Archer meeting, nothing happened for most of 1997. Archer worked on his own proposal for reforming Social Security, which he later co-sponsored with GOP representative Clay Shaw of Florida. It would create private investment accounts, but not use Social Security revenues to fund them. It differs from the plan proposed by George W. Bush and, in fact, is closer in some ways to what Clinton and Vice President Al Gore favor. The president and Archer met again in the Oval Office in December 1997, a year after their first talk. That session was devoted to tax reform, and Archer got the impression the president might support replacing the income tax with a national sales tax. Clinton made only a fleeting reference to Social Security. The next year, 1998, would be "Social Security year," he told Archer.

Bill Archer

Illustration by Earl Keleny

The new year brought Archer another surprise. He got a bill through the House to create a special commission to devise a Social Security reform plan. The measure faltered in the Senate, however, because the president opposed it. Instead, Clinton called for a "national dialogue" on Social Security that would culminate with a White House conference late in 1998. At the conference, held across the street from the White House, Clinton made sure Archer sat next to him. Afterwards, Clinton and Archer walked side by side back to the White House. The president said Social Security reform had to be "done" in the first six or eight months of 1999—before the 2000 presidential race began. And, Clinton noted, the "earnings of the private sector" must be part of any reform plan. "I thought, gosh, now the White House is going to send us a proposal," says Archer.

It didn't. All along, Archer had been conferring with White House aides, including chief of staff John Podesta and economic adviser Gene Sperling. In July, he talked to the president again. By then, the president had been impeached but had escaped conviction. Archer told him about his own Social Security plan. Clinton said he didn't know why the Democrats "don't embrace it." Archer should get Charles Rangel of New York, the ranking Democrat on Ways and Means, and House minority leader Dick Gephardt on board. Then, according to Archer, Clinton said the White House "would get out front" and promote the bill.

Encouraged, Archer got in contact

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with Rangel and Gephardt—and encountered the Clinton Catch. Both men told Archer they had to check with the White House before joining with Archer on Social Security reform. But the White House wouldn't publicly back a reform measure unless Rangel and Gephardt stepped out on their own. Clinton would act if they broke the ice, which they wouldn't. Clinton, of course, had to know they wouldn't. In the end, a White House official told Archer that Clinton's inaction was necessitated by a "division" among Democrats on Capitol Hill.

That's not the end of the story. Last August, Archer went to the White House for the signing of a bill expanding trade with Africa. Clinton treated him like a trusted ally, praising Archer for doing "his part" to get Social Security reform. If only the White House had been able to get congressional backing, Clinton said, he'd have been able "to take the lead."

There's an epilogue. In September, Archer went to the White House for the signing of the bill giving China permanent normal trade status with the United States. As Archer walked by Clinton, the president grabbed his sleeve. "If they had left us alone," the president said, "you and I could have saved Social Security."

Had he acted, Clinton might have given himself a real legacy as well. Now, all he has are things Republicans forced on him: a balanced budget, serious welfare reform, impeachment. Archer, who will be sorely missed in Washington, leaves a legacy he can be proud of. He was an important player in reducing the capital gains tax rate in 1978 and passing President Reagan's tax cut in 1981. In the 1990s, he was a critical force in shaping welfare reform and producing, in 1997, the first tax cut in 16 years. This year, he pushed through repeal of the marriage penalty and inheritance tax (vetoed by Clinton). Both, in one form or another, are poised for enactment in 2001. And Archer has teed up Social Security reform as the top priority for the new Congress. No thanks to Clinton. ♦

Gore's Enemy Number One

How Nader became the Gore campaign's worst nightmare. BY CHRISTOPHER CALDWELL

THE MATHEMATICS of this presidential election is as confusing as any since 1968. If one truth was held to be self-evident at the start of this campaign, it was that George W. Bush could not lose Florida and win the presidency. Yet some polls in the final days had him losing Florida and winning the presidency. How'd that happen?

Ralph Nader, that's how. The Green party is hovering between 4 percent and 8 percent in several states that looked either safe or promising for Gore—Oregon, Washington, California, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, and Maine. These are now battleground states, and Democrats have brought out their heaviest artillery in an unprecedented suppress-the-vote operation aimed at keeping Nader from playing havoc with Al Gore's campaign. Congressmen John Conyers, Robert Wexler, and Barney Frank; senators Ted Kennedy and Paul Wellstone; the entertainers Melissa Etheridge, Martin Sheen, Rob Reiner, and Robert Redford have been sent on a barnstorming tour of the Upper Midwest and Pacific Northwest, along with the Rev. Jesse Jackson, Gloria Steinem, National Organization for Women president Patricia Ireland, and Kate Michelman of the National Abortion and Reproductive Rights Action League.

What's more, intellectuals in sympathy with Gore have launched a letter-writing and propaganda campaign reminiscent of the 1930s. The *New Republic* attacked Andrew Sullivan, one of its own editors, for so much as musing, "If I were a leftist, I'd vote for Nader in a heartbeat." Paul Berman, Ronald Dworkin, John Judis, and Sean Wilentz were among the thinkers who bought space in dozens of college newspapers to urge that "despite Mr. Nader's past great achievements, and despite the good faith of his rank-and-file supporters, his has now become a wrecking-ball campaign."

That much is beyond dispute. What remains in question is whether there's anything a Democrat of Naderite disposition would want to save from the wrecking ball. A closer

Christopher Caldwell is senior writer at THE WEEKLY STANDARD.

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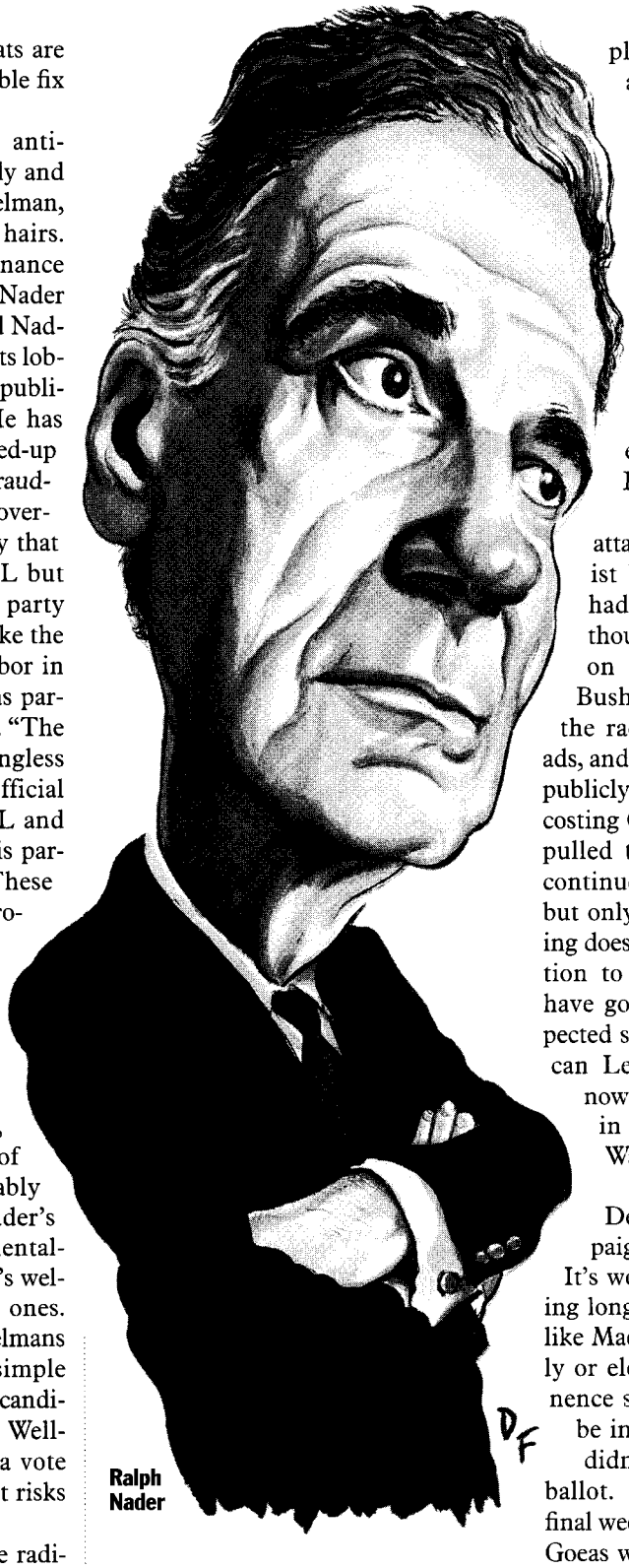
look at the people the Democrats are sending out reveals what a terrible fix the party is in.

Half of the Democratic anti-Naderites, like Senator Kennedy and the feminists Ireland and Michelman, are directly in Nader's cross hairs. Kennedy is a campaign-finance abuser of exactly the sort that Nader has attacked over the years. And Nader has assailed the abortion-rights lobby more forcefully than any Republican would ever have dared. He has called it little more than a gussied-up fund-raising operation, which fraudulently raises the specter of the overturning of *Roe* v. *Wade* in a way that may glorify NOW and NARAL but diverts voter attention and party resources from real problems, like the predicament of unorganized labor in a global economy. (Sullivan was particularly pithy on this last point. "The notion that Nader is meaningless because he doesn't have the official backing of groups like NARAL and the Human Rights Campaign is particularly dumb," he wrote. "These groups represent no one but professional fund-raisers and Washington plutocrats.")

But alongside those Democrats who have every self-interested reason to oppose Nader is another, harder-to-understand group: those, like Senator Paul Wellstone of Minnesota, who are considerably more in sympathy with Nader's hyperregulatory, environmental-extremist views than with Gore's welfare-reforming, free-trading ones. While the Kennedys and Michelmans and Irelands can make the simple argument that Gore is a better candidate for "progressives," the Wellstones are stuck arguing that a vote for Nader is a "wasted" one that risks electing George Bush president.

The problem is that, for true radicals of the left, the argument doesn't hold water, thanks to the arcane campaign-finance rules of the Federal Election Commission. If Nader gets 5 percent of the vote nationwide, he gets matching funds for the 2004 elections. Notwithstanding the mess Pat Buchanan has made of the booty left him by Ross Perot's back-to-back electoral successes with the Reform party, the prospects for a well-funded Green party look good over the long term. What Nader recommends is a globalized leftism, of a sort that has played very well in other advanced economies. Given that the American right has come to terms with the welfare state, American politics looks set to become more European. The European Union is now obsessed with genetics, Internet privacy issues, and various Seattle-style international labor movements. European Greens are part of the governing coalition in both France and Germany.



Ralph Nader

In a way, the Democrats' attacks seem to be working. Leftist billionaire Greg MacArthur had donated several hundred thousand dollars to getting Nader on the air in California. Once Bush appeared to be tightening the race there, thanks to his own ads, and once Democrats began to fret publicly over the prospect of Nader's costing Gore the election, MacArthur pulled the plug. He now says he'll continue to spend money for Nader, but only in states where such spending doesn't threaten to throw the election to Bush. (Naderites, however, have gotten funding from an unexpected source: the moderate Republican Leadership Council, which is now bankrolling his ad campaigns in Wisconsin, Oregon, and Washington.)

But in another way, the Democrats' anti-Nader campaign is blowing up in their faces. It's working institutionally—swaying longtime Democratic moneybags like MacArthur—but not ideologically or electorally. In fact, the prominence such attacks give Nader may be introducing him to voters who didn't even realize he was on the ballot. Going into the campaign's final weekend, Republican pollster Ed Goeas was finding that the Nader-is-a-wasted-vote effort was actually shoring up Nader's support, particularly among those die-hard Democrats who have come to consider their soft-money-abusing, corporation-coddling, promise-breaking party unsafe at any speed. ♦

Illustration by Drew Friedman

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The Regulatory Spin Cycle

From the bureaucrats who gave us the low-flush toilet, a fancy washing machine. BY BEN LIEBERMAN

MOST AMERICANS want to keep Uncle Sam out of their bedroom, and they probably feel the same way about the rest of the house. Too bad for them. The federal government is poised to invade America's homes with a slew of new energy efficiency standards for clothes washers, air conditioners, refrigerators, water heaters, and other appliances. As a result, these items will soon cost considerably more, and the range of products on the market will very likely shrink.

It's all thanks to the National Appliance Energy Conservation Act, which in 1987 empowered the Department of Energy to set maximum energy use standards for 14 home appliances. The initial standards, in place by the early 1990s, were fairly reasonable and generated little resistance.

But the same law granted the Department of Energy broad authority to tighten its standards periodically. Any bureaucracy with such an open-ended mandate will eventually reach the point of overkill, and the department hasn't taken long. Currently, it is cranking out the second or even third round of successively stricter standards for many appliances—and each new rule seems to make less sense than the last.

The most recent standards—part of a last-minute regulatory binge by the Clinton administration—are those for clothes washers and central air conditioners. Proposed in early October, they are due to be finalized in December, after a 60-day period for public comment. If enacted, they will tighten the energy conservation standard for clothes washers by 22 percent in 2004 and 35 percent in 2007. They will reduce the standard for central air conditioners by 20 percent in 2006; for heat pumps by 30 percent.

In the past, the Department of Energy conceded that its standards raised the purchase price of appliances, but insisted that consumers came out ahead through energy savings over the life of the product. Critics complain that these analyses routinely overstate the benefits. Energy consultant Glenn Schleede, for example, a participant in many appliance "rulemakings" over the past decade, finds that the department usually relies on exaggerated assumptions about the amount and cost of the energy saved by an appliance meeting its standards.

In calculating the benefits of energy efficient clothes washers, the regulators assume that the average household does 392 loads of laundry per year and will own the same machine for 14 years. By their reckoning, compliance with the proposed energy efficiency standard will increase the price of a washer approximately $200, but decrease the use of energy and water so as to save $30 annually. In 7 years, these savings will cover the extra purchase price, after which the continuing savings will leave the consumer better off—as long as he doesn't move or buy a new washer.

Meanwhile, the new standard will very likely limit product choice. The manner in which the regulators determine efficiency works to the advantage of front loading washers, and will likely mark the end of the line for inexpensive top loading models popular with American consumers. By the time the 2007 standard is in place, the market should be dominated by front loading models. While some clothes washers already meet the new energy standards, less than 9 percent of consumers have chosen them—no surprise, considering they cost from $700 to $1,100, according to *Consumer Reports*. Many decent, less efficient top loaders can be had for under $400.

One-size-fits-all standards are particularly difficult to justify with clothes washers, because their use varies so widely. Obviously, washers that cost hundreds of dollars more but save perhaps a dime per load need to be used frequently in order to be a good investment. Imagine a senior citizen living alone or with a spouse and doing only two or three loads per week. An energy efficient washing machine in such a household would never recoup the higher purchase price.

Manufacturers, however, tend to go along with government mandates, which often shift the market towards pricier models. In fact, the proposed clothes washer standard came about as part of a negotiated agreement between the Department of Energy, environmental groups, and manufacturers. When questions arose about whether the public would accept expensive front loading washing machines, one manufacturer commented, "Selling it in the marketplace is easy if there is a standard in place. It's not a matter, necessarily, of consumer acceptance."

Notwithstanding the powerful triumvirate of bureaucrats, activists, and manufacturers who rarely lose out in the regulatory process, the fight is not quite over. Representative Joe Knollenberg (R-MI)—scourge of the infamous (but still undefeated) low-flush toilet—has taken an interest in protecting consumers from ill-conceived federal efficiency standards. "I'm not against any of these products," he says, "I'm just against the federal government mandating them."

Particularly bothered by the speed of the rulemakings, Knollenberg has introduced a bill to extend the com-

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ment period on the proposed rules by 120 days. He hopes a public outcry will change the administration's mind about the energy efficiency standards for household appliances. At the very least, the extra time might force the Department of Energy to better explain to the public why it insists on foisting on them requirements that, if put to the ballot, would almost certainly go down to landslide defeat. ♦

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Put Away Your Pitchforks

Buchanan fizzled, but at least he took the Reform party with him. BY MATTHEW REES

New York

IT'S THE FRIDAY before the election, and Pat Buchanan is to hold a press conference at Essex House, an upscale midtown Manhattan hotel. The sparsely attended event begins with an aide airing a new Buchanan ad, which says it's "time to bring our troops home" and calls for building "a third party that puts America first." As the viewing ends, the circular "Buchanan-Foster" placard affixed to the lectern where the candidate will speak clatters loudly to the ground.

Moments later, Buchanan enters the room. He opens with a blast against Ross Perot for endorsing George W. Bush, charging that Perot and his "forces" have been trying to sabotage his campaign for months. For the next 20 minutes, Buchanan zings his favorite targets: the Israeli lobby, Hillary Clinton, and the media.

Neither the themes nor the problems dogging this campaign are anything new. It wasn't supposed to be this way. Coming off his insurgent efforts in 1992 and 1996, Buchanan claimed a sizable constituency of conservative Republicans and working-class Democrats. While few believed he would ever actually be president, some thought he could pull the Republican party left on economics and right on social issues.

But it didn't happen. Buchanan, far from being a presence in the race, à la Ralph Nader, never had an impact. On the Friday before Election Day, he was mired at somewhere between zero and one percent in the polls, far behind Nader and roughly tied with Harry Browne, the Libertarian party candidate for president.

Precisely why Buchanan fared so poorly is a subject of debate among his supporters and sympathizers. Some blame his sister Bay, whose abrasive, micromanaging style prompted cries of "Madame Defarge." Buchanan himself blamed his exclusion from the debates. But the fundamental problem was that the political climate didn't suit him. He made this point succinctly in an October interview with the *New York Times*: "As long as we're fighting wars from 15,000 feet and not losing a soldier, when the unemployment rate is 3.9 percent, and the Dow is at 11,500 and the Nasdaq is at 5,000, it's not going to be easy for us."

He might have added that fears over immigration—one of his central issues—have greatly subsided. A recent Gallup poll showed voters, asked to list their top concerns, ranking immigration twelfth. That hasn't stopped Buchanan from running hyperbolic television ads on the subject. In one, the narrator says that "one candidate will do whatever it takes to keep America—Pat Buchanan." In another, a man is shown choking on a meatball upon learning that "English is no longer our national language." He calls 911, only to hear a recording that says, "For Spanish, press one; for Korean, press two; for Bengali, press three." The ad closes with the man passed out on the floor and presumably dead, with the 911 recording continuing, "For Swahili, press 12."

Buchanan also had some bad luck. Nader became the third-party candidate the press covered, and he stole Buchanan's protectionist thunder. Further undermining Buchanan was

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Illustration by Thomas Fluharty

a prolonged legal spat with dissident Reform party members over the $12.6 million the party was owed in federal funds. The litigation delayed delivery of the funds to Buchanan's campaign until September 14, seven weeks before Election Day, when Buchanan was just preparing to return to the campaign trail after being forced to take a month off for gall bladder surgery.

But even had Buchanan received his federal funds earlier and campaigned without interruption, there's little reason to believe he would have been much more successful. Leaving the Republican party made sense for him, given his diminished popularity and his 19th-century economics, but it also sent the message that he was washed up (Buchanan quit the GOP after his poor showing—behind Gary Bauer—in the August 1999 Iowa straw poll). The next time he made headlines was when he struck an alliance with Lenora Fulani, a black Marxist whose political party is often described as a cult.

The alliance with Fulani, brokered by Ross Perot's 1996 running mate, Pat Choate, was forged in the interest of getting the Reform party on the ballot in all 50 states. But as noted by Sam Francis, a columnist ideologically aligned with Buchanan, the move "sent confusing signals to some of Pat's potential supporters, and gave people like Rush Limbaugh and THE WEEKLY STANDARD lots of ammunition to use against him." Choate argues that the alliance was useful, as it helped Buchanan nail down the Reform party nomination. Maybe, but it also lent a hint of desperation to Buchanan's campaign, and led people to question his judgment.

Buchanan's choice of Ezola Foster to be his running mate heightened the air of desperation. There had been talk of selecting someone with experience in Congress, like Republican Tom Coburn or Democrat Mary Rose Oakar. Picking Foster, an obscure black right-winger from California, only trivialized his candidacy, and brought him nothing in the way of votes. ("He probably consolidated his support with the John Birch Society," quips Howard Phillips, the Constitution party's presidential candidate.)

So what's next for Buchanan? Asked at the press conference whether he planned to run again, he replied he'd decide after the election. In the past, he's compared himself to Frederick the Great, who after repeated defeats eventually won a great victory. If Buchanan runs again, the more apt comparison will be to another American political figure: perennial presidential candidate Harold Stassen.

After his press conference, Buchanan walked a half block down Central Park South to get to his minivan, and no one he passed gave him a second glance. As I waited for him to drive off, a stylish thirtysomething woman approached me and, pointing to the two-car motorcade, asked, "Who is that?" I told her it was Pat Buchanan. Her reply: "Who's Pat Buchanan?" ♦

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The Verdict on Welfare Reform

Work works. BY RON HASKINS

ONE ISSUE that has been virtually absent from the presidential campaign—for the simple reason that the major candidates apparently agree on it—is welfare reform. Yet just four years ago, the historic legislation that ended the federal welfare entitlement was highly controversial. In particular, the Republicans' insistence that mandatory work was the key to reform was greeted with skepticism by liberals and most of the nation's scholars and pundits. Now, four years on, the success of the reforms has shown those fears to have been groundless. With new data from the Census Bureau confirming the continuing decline in poverty, it is worth revisiting the old mistaken arguments.

It was nothing short of wrong, even cruel, critics claimed, to push mothers into the workforce. The economy could not produce enough jobs for them; what jobs there were did not pay a living wage; and not enough child care was available to meet the needs of families forced off welfare. Underlying this argument was liberals' doubt that young, poor, often minority mothers could or should be expected to support themselves and their children. Liberals argued that Republicans were placing young women and their children in grave danger by weakening the safety net on which they were entitled to rely.

But Republicans were adamant about the importance of work. They asserted that the economy would produce plenty of jobs and that government benefits provided to working families would supplement earnings to leave mothers much better off than they had been on welfare. In addition, the reformers said, most poor mothers used informal child care, and the market would meet whatever further demand for child care arose.

In an ironic turnabout for conservatives, the Republicans also held that the millions of mothers on welfare were perfectly capable of supporting themselves. The existing welfare entitlement required virtually nothing from recipients in return for benefits. On the contrary, it provided mothers a reliable monthly cash allowance on condition that they not work, not save, and not get married. Thus, for decades welfare had served as fertile soil for what psychologists call "learned helplessness." At a stage of life when other young adults were building their human capital through postsecondary education or work, young mothers languishing on welfare were squandering their human capital. The reformers believed that these mothers, if challenged, would rise to the occasion.

The Republicans were determined to enact reform at the federal level. Although they gave states unprecedented flexibility in designing programs and spending funds, they did impose several revolutionary changes on the states. They ended individuals' entitlement to cash welfare and replaced it with block grants to the states; they required states to place a specific percentage of their caseload in work programs; they imposed cash sanctions both on states and on individuals who failed to meet work requirements; and they limited to a cumulative total of five years the period during which an individual could receive cash benefits. Over howls of protest, Republicans pushed these measures through Congress three times in 1995 and 1996. The third time, in August 1996, President Clinton signed the bill into law.

Fast forward to September 2000 and the release of the U.S. Census Bureau's annual report on income and poverty. The numbers show unequivocally that the Republican work strategy has been a spectacular success. The findings are so encouraging that if the Census Bureau were not a reliable and respected government agency, there would be widespread suspicion that the Republican National Committee had cooked the numbers.

Start with income. Divide single mothers into five groups of equal size based on their total income (earned and unearned, cash and non-cash) in 1999. The bottom fifth have incomes below $11,800; the second fifth have incomes between $11,800 and $19,300 (all figures in constant dollars). These two-fifths include virtually all the mothers still on welfare and most of those who have left welfare in recent years. Between 1994 (when most states began their own work-based reforms) and 1999, the average total income in the bottom fifth rose 13 percent, from $6,711 to $7,606. Given that the bottom fifth includes the mothers still living on welfare with no earnings, this is remarkable progress. Even more impressive, these "total income" figures conceal a consistent pattern: rising earnings and declining welfare income. Even in the bottom group, earnings nearly doubled, to over $2,400, while welfare income fell by over a third, to about $2,200.

If the bottom fifth is moving in the right direction, the second fifth is even closer to self-sufficiency. Here average total income has jumped more than 20 percent. More impressive still, while income from welfare has fallen by over 50 percent, to about $2,200, earnings have doubled, from about $4,800 to over $9,600. An important part of the income picture for these families is the earned income tax credit (EITC). Expanded several times since 1986, the EITC

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now provides a maximum benefit of nearly $4,000 to an employed mother with two children and nearly $2,400 to an employed mother with one child. The benefit increases until earnings reach about $10,000; it then remains constant until income reaches about $12,500, at which point it phases out gradually until the entire benefit is gone at $31,000. For the bottom fifth, EITC income increased by over 240 percent to $716 between 1993 and 1999; for the second fifth, it increased from $678 to $1,973, an increase of nearly 200 percent. Because the EITC goes only to working people, these figures demonstrate the huge increase in commitment to work among poor and low-income mothers.

The poverty figures for 1999 are even more convincing. If the income pattern among poor mothers is annual increases in earnings and decreases in welfare benefits, the new poverty pattern is big decreases in welfare enrollment and big decreases in child poverty. Mark that well: Welfare is down, and poverty is down. In the years since 1993, while the welfare rolls were plummeting by 56 percent—from 5.1 million families to fewer than 2.4 million—child poverty declined from 22.7 percent to 16.9 percent, its lowest level since 1979.

Though the official poverty figures paint an exceptionally hopeful picture, they actually obscure a reality that's even more encouraging. In its official measurement of poverty, the Census Bureau ignores income from the EITC and in-kind government benefits such as food stamps. Happily, the bureau also computes an experimental poverty measure that includes these government transfer payments. It is instructive to compare the decline of children's poverty in the 1990s with that in the 1980s using this broader measure. During the economic expansion of the 1980s, when the number of jobs increased by a net 18 million, child poverty declined about 16 percent in 6 years (1983 to 1989) to 13 percent. During a similar period of the 1990s economic expansion, with job growth roughly comparable to that in the 1980s, child poverty declined by 37 percent, to 9.7 percent, its lowest level since 1979. The decline in child poverty during the 1990s is more than twice that of the 1980s for a simple reason: Many more low-income mothers are now working. Thus, it is hardly surprising that poverty among children in mother-headed families fell to 36 percent last year, the lowest level ever recorded and down by over 40 percent from its 1959 level of 60 percent. Similarly, poverty among black children is at its lowest level ever.

One last statistic completes the picture of rising work effort, declining welfare, and falling poverty. The Census Bureau calculates a data series that shows the impact of government programs on children's poverty. The first calculation in the series estimates the number of children in poverty before any government transfers. In other words, this poverty level reflects the ability of families to keep themselves out of poverty without help from government. In 1999, under this measure, the number of poor children fell for the sixth consecutive year, to 14.1 million, down 23 percent from its peak of 18.2 million in 1993 and, again, lower than in any year since 1979.

Under the old welfare regime, child poverty rose. Ending the cash entitlement and demanding work has led to historic declines in child poverty. The implications for social policy are profound.

The conventional beliefs thoroughly trashed by the new Census figures are legion. In normal times, the American economy produces work for all who want it; government benefits for working people turn low-wage jobs into jobs with a livable income—far above the income provided by welfare—without the imposition of new wage and benefit mandates on business; and the child care market expands when additional care is necessary. These are important conclusions with clear implications for the future of American social policy. But the evidence against two additional pieces of conventional wisdom is more important still.

The assumption underlying the old welfare entitlement was that society owed a decent living to able-bodied Americans who didn't work. The War on Poverty greatly expanded the entitlement concept by creating additional means-tested programs, including major entitlement programs, and boosting welfare spending to unprecedented levels. But child poverty rose. In the five years after President Johnson launched the War on Poverty, the child poverty level averaged about 16 percent. After three decades and the expenditure of several trillion dollars, child poverty was consistently over 20 percent. By contrast, ending the cash entitlement and demanding work has led to historic declines in child poverty. The implications for future social policy are profound: Work, not entitlement, is a vital antidote to child poverty. (Another antidote, of course, is marriage—waiting to have children until two committed parents are prepared to stick around and contribute.)

The final lesson is the crucial one. Most poor and low-income mothers are capable of supporting themselves. Like the rest of us, they are subject to human nature: If society gives much and expects little, many will accept the wicked bargain. Government programs, depending on their design, can help or hurt. If programs subsidize sloth, we get plenty of it, and also ruin lives and communities. If we demand and subsidize work, we get plenty of it, and reduce child poverty as well.

It would be comforting to think that the candidates' silence on welfare reform means Americans across the political spectrum now accept these truths. ♦

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Cartoons Without Humor

The underwhelming oeuvre of Herblock, America's worst political cartoonist

By Michael Long

The thing that drives so many creative types batty is not their own lack of success but the caprice of success. Great actors spellbind in regional theater while selling ties at Macy's to pay the rent; lousy actors sign eight-figure deals to say the F-word in front of a movie camera. It's when the laurels go to the nog-for-brains that life seems most unfair.

Enter *Washington Post* political-cartoonist-for-life Herbert Block.

Herblock's cartoons have been a fixture on the *Post*'s editorial page for more than 50 years, despite fairly obvious shortcomings. Herblock (he's used the compound name since the 1920s) cannot draw caricatures. His liberal politics are mind-numbingly clichéd. Perhaps most objectionable, he is never, ever funny. His lone strength is the smear.

Regular readers of the *Post* may wonder: Has he always been this bad? A stroll through the new Library of Congress exhibit "Herblock's History" provides the answer. If the 121 cartoons he has donated to the library (does it ever turn anyone down?) can be taken as a fair selection, then, yes, he has always been this bad.

Weekly Standard parody of Herblock, Jan. 15, 1996, by Henry Payne

Of course, the history of editorial cartoons is full of rim shots and dirty pool. The father of the art, Thomas Nast, was busting chops as far back as the Civil War. But Nast didn't arrive on the scene as a cartoonist. He started as an illustrator, filling much the same role for newspapers that photographers do today. Instead of zig-zagging through a war zone with cameras around the neck, illustrators like Nast had to pitch an easel on the edge of the battlefield and dodge cannonballs between ink strokes.

Nast's job was to draw what he saw. But it was when he moved from representation to allegory that he gained notoriety—and, ultimately, wealth and formidable influence. He became the first editorialist of his kind, inventing elements of the language of cartooning, and setting hypocrisy and lies in high relief. Nast the editorial cartoonist created the Republican elephant and the Democratic donkey, and even the modern image of Santa Claus. He helped elect Ulysses S. Grant to the presidency. He worried Horace Greeley—perhaps to death. And in the early 1870s, Nast helped depose Boss Tweed with nothing more than the power of the pen (and the impressive circulation of *Harper's Weekly*).

Herblock is a direct descendant of Nast—Nast the illustrator, that is. Because for Herblock, editorial cartooning is little more than photography by other means. There he is, still stuck on the edge of the battlefield, illustrating away, concentrating earnestly with his tongue hanging out

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January 25, 1987

October 19, 2000

and a pen in his mouth, metaphors whizzing past his ears, just missing their target.

The illustrations are breathtakingly simple and unwitty. But like a colossal bore who repeats his stories, thinking your failure to respond means you didn't understand the first time, Herblock is not content to leave bad enough alone. Hence his trademark habit of labeling every item in the panel with GREAT BIG CAPITAL LETTERS. Thanks to this device, he sometimes achieves the distinction of insulting the reader's intelligence four or five times in just one cartoon.

Consider a typical Herblock cartoon from March 3, 1985. A happy-faced man is running down a street toward a manhole. Herblock's metaphor—which is in no way suggested by the drawing—plays out like so: The sun is labeled ECONOMIC INDICATORS and the manhole is labeled TRADE DEFICIT. But the panel is—as usual—so generic, practically any other labels would do. Wanna play Herblock? Insert labels yourself! Try these: WORLD PEACE for the sun and MIDDLE EAST CRISES for the manhole; EXPENSIVE GOVERNMENT PROGRAMS and FEDERAL DEFICITS; THE DEVIL and THE DEEP BLUE SEA.

Sometimes Herblock is even lazier. On October 19, 2000, the *Washington Post* ran a panel in which he portrayed George W. Bush (labeled BUSH) as Peter Pan, standing on the ledge of a building and set to fly under the power of a bag of FAIRY DUST CAMPAIGN PROMISES.

On January 25, 1987, Herblock drew Secretary of Defense Caspar Weinberger as the personification of the proposed Star Wars missile defense, standing on the ledge of a building and set to fly under the power of books labeled MARY POPPINS, DUMBO, SUPERMAN . . . and PETER PAN.

The corner of the building in both panels is the same. The windows are cut off by the edges of the panel in the same places. The same amount of skyline is visible in the lower left corner. And the night sky of both panels is illuminated by identical sliver-crescent moons. They are virtually the same cartoon, nearly 14 years apart.

If his method is execrable, his politics are worse. Herblock has made a career as an enthusiastic water boy for the powers that be on the left. The deal is fairly canny: He singlemindedly cheers on the team, and in return, they pretend he is amusing.

If blind fealty were a virtue, Herblock would have been measured for his saint's robes back when Clinton was still learning to play post office. Rarely in his 70-plus years of work has he come upon either a leftist position or pol with which he disagreed.

There is no middle ground with Herblock, and none of the playfulness found in the work of superior cartoonists. Disagree with Herblock, and you disagree with Heaven. Everyone is either friend or foe. Nixon is always crawling out of a sewer; Reagan is always a nitwit. And when inspiration fails, there is always the National Rifle Association to quicken his pulse and send him racing to the drawing table for a little defamation. He equates gun rights advocates with dealers of street drugs; he depicts hunters as careless fools; and in one especially repellent panel he draws a schoolyard of dead and dying children under the view of two smiling lobbyists for the NRA.

Herblock's cartoons often aren't editorializing, they're just especially nasty name-calling.

Consider also Herblock the hypocrite. He is a law-and-order man—unless the lawbreakers are his friends. While he blasted Presidents Reagan and Bush repeatedly over the Iran-Contra affair, and Gingrich for his book deal, Herblock pulled on the kid gloves for Bill Clinton. For practically every other cartoonist in America, liberal or conservative, Clinton has been a dream president. Not for Herblock. His smug apologies for the Clintons make a James Carville rant sound like Tocqueville. In his 1998 memoir *Herblock: A Cartoonist's Life*, Herblock dismisses the Clinton fund-raising coffees as merely "crummy." And he defends Clinton's renting of the Lincoln bedroom to donors by—get this—playing down the historical value of the room itself:

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It is a room Lincoln never slept in but which now contains his bed, along with a framed picture of him and other "Lincolnia." Continuous mention of this room not only implied that Lincoln had occupied it but practically gave the impression that he was still using it and was being forced to sleep in the hallway.

Unrelieved scorn for enemies, but special pleading like this for friends—hey, it's a living.

The likeliest explanation for Herblock's durability is that he was always the premier Nixon Hater at the paper whose reputation was secured by Watergate. Indeed, Herblock might be just another forgotten hack if Nixon hadn't rescued him in the 1970s by letting it be known that Herblock wounded him.

"Herblock the cartoonist got to me," Nixon famously said. "But now when I walk into this office I am cool and calm." The *Washington Post* ran this quote across a page of Herblock's Nixon panels on August 9, 1974, in newspapers that hit the front porch just hours after his resignation. And there in the middle of the page was Good Citizen Herblock, grinning from ear to ear—as if Watergate had been years of good clean fun.

Like so many leftists, Herblock was driven less by outrage over Nixon's dirty tricks than by unspent rage against Nixon for his success in exposing liberalism's tolerance for communism in the 1940s and 1950s. Even as Senator Joe McCarthy used his kangaroo committee hearings to damage his own political enemies with the charge of communism, so Herblock used the radioactive charge of McCarthyism to damage his enemies.

Herblock claims credit, Gore-like, for inventing the term "McCarthyism" (and, later, the epithet "Contract *on* America"). Whether he invented the term or not, there is no doubt that he epitomized the type for whom the fight against "McCarthyism" would outlive the senator himself and be transformed into a lifelong anti-anti-Communist passion.

It has never seemed to bother him that this passion led him to judgments that were woefully wrong. Throughout the 1980s, he portrayed the Pentagon spending that brought about the collapse of the Soviet Union as a ludicrous waste. He labeled the Soviet military threat PENTAGON PROPAGANDA; he frequently drew Caspar Weinberger necklaced with a commode seat that stood for wasteful spending. Most notably, in a panel from December 8, 1982, that would be laudable for its prescience were it not offered as ridicule, Herblock puts these words in the mouth of President Reagan: "If we keep on with the arms race, after a while the Russian economy will collapse." Indeed.

In an especially shameful cartoon published just five days after the Cuban Missile Crisis, Herblock took his place at the head of the "moral equivalency" crowd, portraying Kennedy and Khrushchev struggling together to keep a nuclear monster in a box—as if the two occupied the same side of that struggle. His anthropomorphic atom bomb, a recurring trope throughout the Cold War, is a quaint period piece now, a reminder that when it came to the most important political struggle of the age, Herblock never got it right.

"YOU MEAN I'M SUPPOSED TO STAND ON THAT?"

Courtesy of Library of Congress

Partisanship is the lifeblood of political cartooning, but Herblock's has always been of the unpleasantest sort. He'd rather use a knee to the groin than a tickle in the ribs. In a panel from October 4, 1988, he ludicrously outfitted then-presidential candidate George Bush with a lapel button reading EXTREME RIGHT-WING POLITICS. This

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was gentle compared with the panel four years later mocking Bush's signature phrase for American voluntarism. Above a tableau in which dozens of Americans are firing on each other with machine guns, Herblock pens: "A thousand points of light."

But for real tastelessness, it's hard to beat Herblock on the subject of race relations. He takes the unsubtle view that his political opponents are all basically Klansmen. A couple of examples: On January 13, 1982, he portrayed President Reagan directing a black couple to a sign reading OFF LIMITS TO COLOREDS. A week later, he portrayed the Reagan administration as a bum hanging onto a bottle of OLD JIM CROW.

It's an odd obsession that recurs in his work. For all his sermonizing that Republicans are out to lynch black people in every sense of that word, Herblock's drawings themselves always call to mind particularly unpleasant racial stereotypes. He no doubt thinks he's getting inside the brain of those nasty Republicans, but what he finds there seems more revealing of his mindset than his enemies': black characters with enormous lips, Step 'n' Fetchit caricatures, and welfare queens.

In a July 2, 1980, cartoon, for instance, he weighs in in favor of federal funding for abortions. And whom does he draw as the representative supplicant of such largesse? An African-American woman—no husband to be seen—and four small children. If a conservative did this, he would be looking for another line of work faster than the Reverend Jesse Jackson could come up with a new word to rhyme with "bigot."

Perhaps it is not fair to judge Herblock this way. The Herblock cartoon has been an institution for so long, perhaps one should just bow down and admire the longevity of the thing, and not look for truth, or wit, or even a solitary passing insight in it. Lately, though, he rarely even makes sense.

When he sticks to partisan business, the knee still jerks in all the right directions. Just last week, he heard that Ralph Nader was less than alarmist about the state of abortion rights under the Republicans, and he dashed off a picture of a dark back alley (though he forgot the requisite coathanger). When he marches without his ideological orders, though, the cartoons can be increasingly hard to parse. Two weeks ago, in the midst of Israeli-Palestinian violence in the Middle East, he dashed off a panel of rock-tossers in Bedouin scarves standing around a hinged slab on legs. A fellow in a suit sits at one end holding newsprint-sized sheets marked BARAK PEACE PROPOSALS. The caption? FOLDING PEACE TABLE.

Huh? This is the cartoonist's equivalent of Andy Kaufman's Foreign Man: The jokes don't make any sense, and the desperate explanations only make them more obscure.

Writing in the introduction to *Herblock: A Cartoonist's Life*, *Washington Post* owner Katharine Graham confessed to "generally finding myself laughing uproariously" at Herblock's cartoons. Well, I guess he knew whom he had to please. The rest of us are laughing at the fact that such a hack managed to get by for so long with so little talent. ♦

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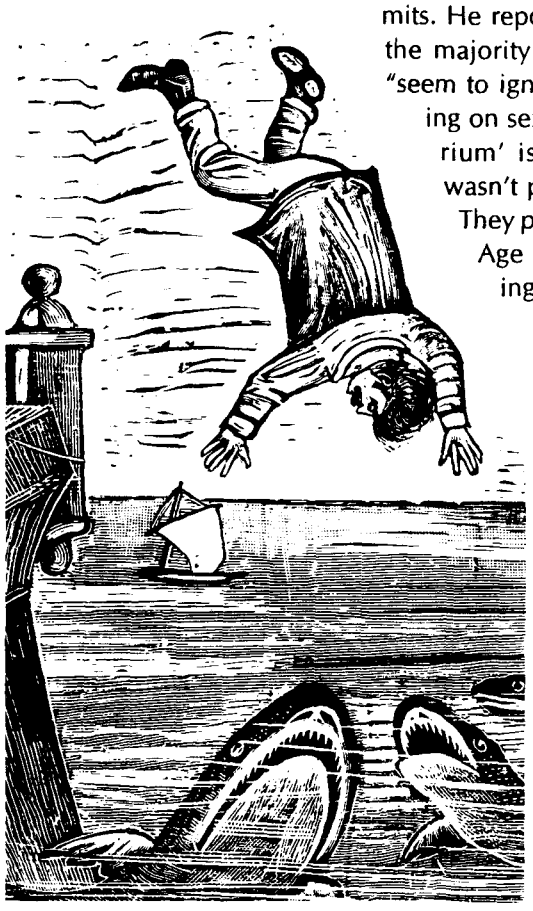
The Suicide of Catholicism

We at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW get loads of mail, faxes, and phone calls from our readers, and one story we hear over and over again goes like this: "My wife and I scrimped and saved to send our six children to Catholic schools, all the way through college. We did everything we could to give our kids a solid Catholic upbringing. Now three are married (two outside the Church, one inside) and three are shacked-up. Only two of our kids show any interest in the Faith — ironically, two of the cohabiters. They take Communion without any qualms when they happen to be in church, and show no interest in straightening out their lives. All our kids are 'pro-choice' and 'pro-gay.' And, oh, we have no grandchildren."



The folks who tell us these stories are heartsick, feel betrayed, even worry about their children's souls.

What went wrong? Over the last 30 or so years many religious educators across the nation have in effect stopped teaching Catholicism and have basically been teaching religious humanism instead. Kids haven't been taught much of anything about the authority of Scripture, Tradition, and Magisterium, about sexual morality, Transubstantiation, the consequences of sin, and the reality of Hell. Instead, they have learned about tolerance of neighbor, self-esteem, and little else. They are victims of spiritual censorship — but the ACLU isn't rushing to their defense. Meanwhile, many pastors have been taking the same approach in their homilies and parish "renewal" programs.

People fed this pabulum who haven't simply dropped out of the Church now seem to constitute the bulk of Catholics in certain dioceses. Is Milwaukee one such diocese? It certainly sounds like it, given what its liberal Archbishop, Rembert Weakland, admits. He reports in an article in *America* that the majority of Catholics in his jurisdiction "seem to ignore much of the church's teaching on sexuality," and "the word 'magisterium' is not in their vocabulary" and wasn't part of their religious instruction. They perhaps "dabble a bit in some New Age thinking," but "have read nothing" written by the Pope. They want a spirituality that doesn't "put guilt trips on them" and a Church that's "more flexible" than it already is. Is Weakland troubled by this? Hardly. He regards these slothful Catholics as the "vital force" in his archdiocese, and he'd like his "pastoral leaders" to "model the flexibility" being called for by these people!

You don't have to be a rocket scientist to see a pattern: Liberal religious educators and pastors dumb down Catholics, and then liberal bishops redefine ignorance and sloth as "vitality" and call for more "flexibility" — i.e., more ignorance and sloth. This is a prescription for the suicide of Catholicism.

We at the NEW OXFORD REVIEW, an orthodox Catholic monthly magazine, are mounting an offensive to restore the full splendor of truth — and *true* vitality — to Holy Mother Church. Subscribe today, and we'll make your heart glad!

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The American Woman

What Henry James Knew

By Lauren Weiner

John Singer Sargent's *Mrs. John Jay Chapman* (1893). Art Resource.

American women hold few surprises, if you've read your Henry James. His high political satire about the suffrage movement, *The Bostonians*, showed all the way back in 1886 that the most salient and least rational feature of feminism would be its radical egalitarianism. He knew what our own era's feminists would be theorizing about—because he knew their sisters over a century ago. His nuanced but incisive generalizations about America's maidens and matrons could have been written today.

He even foresaw the difficulty of ever resolving the problem of American women. *The Portrait of a Lady* famously ends "up in the air"—and James may well cut off his story where he did as an acknowledgment that he could not realistically portray the ideal of womanhood that his heroine Isabel promised: a woman who had the best of both Europe and America, a woman who had made herself highly civilized without losing "the value of the Puritan residuum." For James, this "glimpsed ideal"—to use F.R. Leavis's term—was just that: an ideal. Excessive and selfish autonomy was the danger he saw lying in wait for his real-life countrywomen.

The French writer Léon Daudet said that James had "an ironic gift, of a benevolent kind." James's favorite subject upon which to train both that irony and that benevolence was the American woman. In his novels and stories she reveals herself to be an undisciplined, lively, direct, brave, complacent, foolish sort of creature. From Daisy Miller to Isabel Archer to James's memorial of his cousin, Minny Temple, written not long before he died in 1916, the author's renown rested on his keen understanding of the "new woman"—she who so "infinitely amused the nations."

That phrase is from James's 1907 *The American Scene*, in which he observed that the American woman "had been grown in an air in which a hundred of the 'European' complications and dangers didn't exist, and in which also she had to take upon herself a certain training for freedom. It was not that she had, in the vulgar sense, to 'look out' for herself, inasmuch as it was of the very essence of her position not to be threatened or waylaid."

That *unwaylayability* is something we ought to recognize. Look around and we can see what he's talking about. There she is—sitting behind the principal's desk; reporting live from inside the men's locker room; needling her husband, in front of strangers, because his jacket and tie don't match. James's American women are not just who we were, but who we are.

Since the mid-twentieth century, when Cornelia Kelley, Leon Edel, and others dusted off what were, at that time, the largely forgotten works of James, interest in his writing has not flagged. New books of his correspondence and journalism continue to be published, and a complete edition of his fiction and criticism rolls off the presses of the Library of America in steady installments. The movie adaptations keep coming: The last decade alone has seen filmings of *The Golden Bowl*, *The American*, *Washington Square*, *The Wings of the Dove*, *The Portrait of a Lady*—to say nothing of the six versions of James's horror story "The Turn of the Screw."

And all because of the free and constant way this writer was able to draw upon his "quick empathy for the female

Lauren Weiner is a writer living in Baltimore, Maryland.

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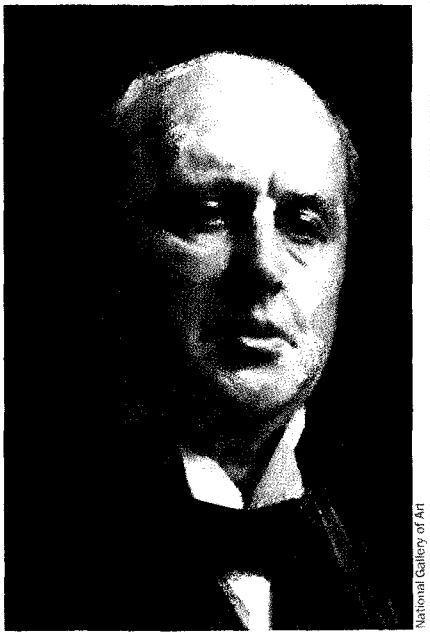
young," as Edel put it. The American woman was mistress of her situation in a country that recognized the right of self-government. She was left to develop herself according to her own lights—and could pick her own husband, a liberty not allowed women elsewhere. James liked, in his fiction, to watch what happened when he uprooted this "most freely encouraged plant in our democratic garden" and placed her in Europe, where she met with the social restrictions of a more traditional way of life. By dramatizing this encounter from every angle, he showed his admiration for, as well as his misgivings about, the American woman.

The admiration and the misgivings describe a kind of moral arc. Or, better, two cross-cutting arcs, if what I call his "female juggernauts"—American matrons—are added to the mix. When it comes to young women, the reaction of the senses comes first. James is delighted with the animation and grace of a Bessie Alden in "An International Episode" (1878) or a Pandora Day in "Pandora" (1884)—and so are the men in his stories, on both sides of the Atlantic. But then, through the scrapes their energetic natures get them into, he brings out the effect of their overreaching: sometimes humorous, but more frequently poignant and tragic.

While American maidens often begin with James's admiration and end in tragedy, the forceful middle-aged ladies often begin with James's aversion and end with something like his esteem. Faced with Mrs. Walker in "Daisy Miller" (1878) or Mrs. Newsome in *The Ambassadors* (1903), men often react with outrage. (As James once said of his American expatriate friend, Mrs. Jack Gardner: "She's not a woman, she's a locomotive, with a Pullman car attached.") The horrified male getting run over by a female juggernaut provides some of the best comedy in James. But then, playing out the matrons' independent-mindedness, James respects their willingness to intervene to fix mistakes and to right the wrongs around them. The American juggernauts—the non-Continentalized, at least—retain "the value of the Puritan residuum."

The newest Library of America volume, containing James's earliest fiction, offers in the 1870 "Travelling Companions" a kind of dry run of Daisy Miller's compromised situation—and a preliminary version, too, of the unhappily married Isabel Archer (in the 1874 "Madame de Mauves"). Interestingly, two of the three early tales about non-Americans read like editorials against the oppressiveness of the European arranged marriage. In "Gabrielle de Bergerac" (1869), set in France, the title character loves a son of the peasantry and chafes against having to marry the


National Gallery of Art

weak nobleman selected for her by her intemperate elder brother. In "At Isella" (1871), an American tourist aids a young Italian wife's escape from the awful spouse foisted upon her.

James's understanding of the politics of the relation between men and women is clear from early on: The American woman might use her freedom unwisely by choosing a bad husband, but it is far worse never to have the choice. Christopher Newman learns this the hard way in *The American* (1877), James's first major novel. Newman goes to France in search of a refined wife but runs afoul of European deference to authority. He discovers—and deplores—primogeniture, which wastes the talents of Valentin de Bellegarde, a second son. He fails to pry Valentin's sister, Claire, from the clutches of the Bellegarde family. Claire shuts herself away in a convent because she can't marry Newman.

James continually worked toward the truth by means of contrast. A year after writing *The American* he came up with "Daisy Miller," the story that made him internationally famous. At its coarsest, the story asks whether a girl who is given her head, even to the point of being in charge of her family's foreign travels, is at all distinguishable from a shallow sex-pot. That we end up attributing moral weight to the story of the coltishly perverse Daisy is a great artistic feat on the part of the thirty-four-year-old James. He gets us to take Daisy seriously by having us see her through the eyes of Winterbourne, a deracinated American. Winterbourne is prim but powerfully attracted to the beautiful and forward girl; he only belatedly understands that her spiritedness is not licentiousness.

Chattering to Winterbourne about her inability to fit in with the high-toned ladies of the American colonies in Rome and Geneva, Daisy sounds, somehow, both ignorant and witty: "I like a lady to be exclusive; I'm dying to be exclusive myself. Well, we *are* exclusive, mother and I. We don't speak to everyone—or they don't speak to us. I suppose it's about the same thing."

Snubbed by her compatriots, she lets a shady Italian befriend her. The ostracism she endures as a result wears her down. By the time Winterbourne discerns her distress signals, she's dead. Readers tend to find the portentously timed case of malaria hokey and take it as a judgment upon her for her improprieties. They're half right. It is hokey—but necessary. Daisy's death puts her beyond rescue precisely so that Winterbourne can have his rueful realization on the last page: "I have lived too long in foreign parts." He is conscious of having "done her injustice"—conscious, in other words, of having lost the combination of forthrightness and charity that prompts Americans to help one another in times of need.

As one of the expatriates in "Madame de Mauves" puts it: "The silliest Ameri-

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Sargent's The Wyndham Sisters *(1899). Opposite: His* Portrait of Henry James *(1913).*

can woman is too good for the best foreigner, and the poorest of us have moral needs that the cleverest Frenchman is quite unable to appreciate." James clearly did not think much of the international marriage as a way of improving American stock. Judging by the jilted and the also-rans in his fiction—people like Newman, Caspar Goodwood, Ralph Touchett, young Mr. Wendover, Richard Clare—he believed that American men, even if their manners were rough, were capable of more genuinely respecting women than were their polished European counterparts. What the American male had to cope with was the initiative-grabbing of the American female, which was apt to put him off his game.

There is an entire class of American wives in James who haven't chosen American spouses, and who therefore come to no good. These women—dubbed "the fly-away wives" in one story—are a rogue's gallery of schemers, flirts, and spongers. They tend to be already widowed or separated from their German, English, or Swiss husbands—such as Baroness Muenster of *The Europeans* (1878), young Mrs. Berrington of "A London Life" (1889), or Isabel Archer's false friend, the self-defeating scamp Madame Merle in *The Portrait of a Lady* (1881). The femininity of the fly-away wife is of the insinuating sort. Only in a late work, with Maggie Verver and Prince Amerigo in *The Golden Bowl* (1904), does he present international marriage as redeemable.

One would think the process by which an American maiden becomes a matron would preoccupy Henry James. He created his *Portrait of a Lady* by applying to that process all the psychological acuity at his command. Yet this performance—arguably his finest as a novelist—is unique. It follows an egotistical but unformed girl all the way through courtship, engagement, and several years of marriage. James's task is to convince us that such a smart person could make such a stupid choice as Gilbert Osmond for her husband.

When one's wife boldly persists in forming her own opinions, there is, in Osmond's words, "nothing left but to hate her." Isabel's friend Henrietta Stackpole declares that separation is justified when the marital bond frays this badly. Yet the model of the separated wife that Isabel has before her is one she cannot bring herself to follow. Her aunt, Mrs. Touchett, has rebelled against her husband for no discernible cause. She is, as Isabel comes to realize, so independent that she fails to provide wifely affection, or guidance to her niece, or aid to her sickly son. Although the novel ends ambiguously, its trajectory is plain: Isabel will remain with Gilbert Osmond to protect her step-daughter from being crushed by his domestic tyranny. So Europe can, paradoxically, improve an American—not by raising her station in life, but by imposing a moral burden few could bear. Isabel Osmond, née Archer, offers James his "glimpsed ideal."

But a glimpse is as near as he could get—perhaps because it was as near as American women themselves could get. Whenever the international theme is in play, James's plots hinge on Americans saving one another or failing to do so. The biographer Lyndall Gordon contends that Henry James himself was not the dutiful friend he should, by his own standard, have been, and that his shortcomings were crucial to his development as a writer. Gordon's *A Private Life of Henry James: Two Women and His Art* is an erratic but worthwhile account of James's friendships with his cousin Minny Temple and with Constance Fenimore Woolson, the grandniece of James Fenimore Cooper, both of whom were sources for his fictional characters.

Gordon is overzealous in trying to hoist James by his own petard. Still, taking her cue from Leon Edel, she makes a good case that the man—the elusive

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and selfish bachelor—and the artist come together to produce what she calls "dramas of contrition." While in his late twenties, James neglected to heed the polite but clear appeals that reached him in Europe from Temple, a twenty-five-year-old dying of tuberculosis in wintry Albany, New York.

Pangs of guilt are worked and reworked, transfigured into high art. Winterbourne's failure to act on his desire for Daisy, Longmore's inability to mitigate Madame de Mauve's sorrow, the realization of John Marcher (in 1903's "The Beast in the Jungle") that in not marrying May Bartram he has wasted his life and hers, Merton Densher's manipulation of the fatally ill young heiress Milly Theale in *The Wings of the Dove* (1902)—all can be called dramas of contrition. So can other works not considered in depth by Gordon. But the fact that one can speak of Jamesian "types" does not mean his character-making is mechanical. This "historian of fine consciences," as Joseph Conrad dubbed James, combined and recombined his favored elements. He projected his own traits into many different characters, not just the hesitating men.

The activism of the American woman was noted by Alexis de Tocqueville well before James's female juggernaut, "hinting ominously at her powers of disapproval," came onto the scene. In a way, James was a Tocquevillian outsider in his native country, making several trips back to the United States after settling in England in the 1870s. His social criticism and journalism, some of which Pierre A. Walker has newly gathered in *Henry James on Culture*, often tried to gauge the effects of the sexual division of labor that Tocqueville saw in America.

In the early years of the republic, the Frenchman noted, those in charge of manners and morals were women because the men—all except the preachers, that is—were busy clearing the forests. James found the American male's narrowness of interest to be a persistent defect. The men, James wrote, had left women "encamped on every inch of the social area that the stock-exchange and the football-field leave free." So while Europe stood for culture and America for morality, in the United States both culture and morality were, by reason of male abdication, under the "queenship" of females who had "a fostered sense of themselves . . . as creatures absolute."

On the cultural front, their stewardship was not going at all well. In "The Speech of American Women" and "The Manners of American Women"—which Walker compiles from James's articles in *Harper's Bazaar* from 1907 and 1908—the novelist assails the meager

John Singer Sargent's *Mrs. Edward L. Davis and Her Son Livingston Davis* (1890). National Gallery of Art.

attainments of the "ladies' culture-clubs" that dotted the "interior" of the country. On the moral front, his assessment becomes more mixed. It contains eye-rolling exasperation, affection, and grudging respect bordering on fear—the charming combination that still marks the decent American male's attitude toward his mother, his older sister, his wife, and whoever organizes the bake sales at church.

Isabel's confidante, the bumptious Henrietta Stackpole, is the prime case. Henrietta bowls over the men around her. But she is used as a kind of moral index: Males who find their way to appreciating Henrietta as "an emanation of the great democracy" (as Isabel puts it) have the author's good opinion; a sign of Gilbert Osmond's villainy is that he "never . . . admitted that she is a woman." We sometimes need to be told the strict truth about ourselves, and a Henrietta Stackpole can be counted on to bluntly set us right.

But the Jamesian reverse side of the picture is that, in sexual terms, Gilbert Osmond does have a point: The forthright American woman trips up the approach and response of the male-female mating dance. What James's female characters, young and old, add up to is nothing less than a moral education of his readers. The point is twofold, indirectly but unmistakably conveyed to us. On the one hand, a modicum of frankness and female independence ought to be maintained. On the other hand, Americans also need tact and some degree of acquiescence to the conventions (though not too much, or they will soon be guilty of the sophisticated hypocrisy that a corrupt old European society uses to obscure its corruptions).

Perhaps Isabel's story in *The Portrait of a Lady* had to be cut off because—with his clear-eyed understanding of the virtues and the vices of both his Daisy Millers and his female juggernauts—James could only glimpse his ideal. But, as a nation, we have not made much progress toward the ideal in the years since he wrote. Both his maidens and his matrons are still with us.

To read Henry James is to make sense of that seemingly nonsensical young woman who "married a millionaire," sight unseen, on national television, then balked at the arrangement, then confidently expected the world to believe her virtue had been outraged because she was not "that" kind of girl.

And to read James is to understand as well that the Wellesley graduates who go out to "save the world," and who become lawyers and later first ladies, and who attempt to legislate from the distaff side, and who radiate self-righteousness and restless dissatisfaction, are as American as anyone can be. ♦

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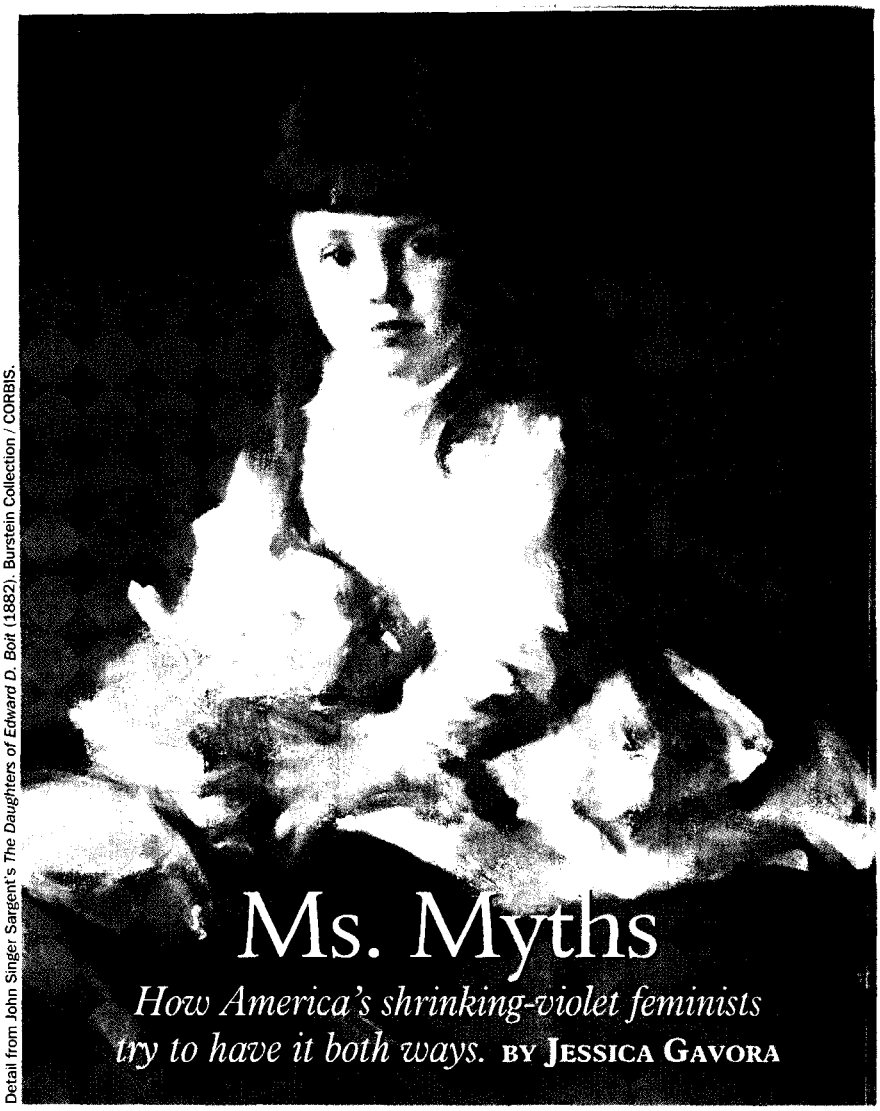

Detail from John Singer Sargent's *The Daughters of Edward D. Boit* (1882). Burstein Collection / CORBIS.

Ms. Myths

How America's shrinking-violet feminists try to have it both ways. BY JESSICA GAVORA

On opening day 1994, Bill Clinton threw out the first pitch for the Cleveland Indians, while Hillary Clinton did the honors for the Chicago Cubs. Bill let fly a credible toss, but Hillary muffed it—awkward, wrong-footed, and pathetic.

The contrast was too much for feminist Colette Dowling to take. "I could only imagine where things went from there," she wrote. "The First Lady wobbling forth her paltry pitch, an ill-concealed smirk spreading across the stadium as the men bonded in jocular superiority. Bottom line, they're thinking, Hillary isn't so tough after all. Bottom line, she throws like a girl."

Although the subject of Dowling's new book, *The Frailty Myth: Women Approaching Physical Equality*, is ostensibly athletics (it was timed for release to coincide with the Olympics), it proves to have a more appropriate media hook in Hillary Clinton's Senate campaign. Like the first lady, Dowling is a feminist of a certain age. And like those who complain that congressman Rick Lazio is being "overly aggressive" whenever he goes on the offensive against Mrs. Clinton, Dowling is trying to have it both ways. She is eager to assert the equality of women in all manner of competition with men, and yet unwilling to cede the political power that is attached to the mantle of victimhood. Hillary throws like a girl, she tells us, and the boys are making fun of her for it. Mean boys, picking on Hillary. She has as much right to play baseball as they do. Maybe more, because they've been so mean to her. Mean, mean boys.

The Frailty Myth
Women Approaching Physical Equality
by Colette Dowling
Random House, 304 pp., $24.95

Jessica Gavora is writing a book about Title IX.

Dowling provoked a demi-controversy back in 1981, with the publication of *The Cinderella Complex*. In that book she declared that women have been socially conditioned to fear independence and instead seek to be "taken care of" by men. Her thinking has hardly advanced in the intervening years. Like *The Cinderella Complex*, *The Frailty Myth* is overrun with gnawing resentments. But this time, instead of the patriarchy retarding women's emotional fulfillment, it is preventing us from achieving our full physical potential.

Dowling relies on scattered anecdotes, disproved feminist "studies," and dismissable physiology to buttress the startling claim that, given equal levels of athletic training, access, and encouragement, women will achieve physical parity with men. "Studies show gender to be barely relevant as a predictor, or limiter, of athletic performance," she writes. "What really counts are acquired skills, trained muscles, and movement efficiency that comes from refined technique."

In other words, Hillary's problem on the mound in Chicago wasn't that she was incapable of throwing as well as Bill. It was that she hadn't been given the chance to learn how. When young Bill was out cheating at stickball, young Hillary was inside being forced to master the wifely arts of home and hearth. "The much ballyhooed skill of throwing a baseball is learned," Dowling meows. "Boys aren't born with it."

The Frailty Myth is rife with this kind of stuff; call it "penis-envy feminism." Dowling seems to struggle not to exalt girls as girls, but to prove that they are really boys—or at least they would be if the boys gave them a chance. Rehashing the tired, feminist theory of brash, confident pre-pubescent girls growing suddenly fearful and demoralized at the onset of sexual maturity, she paints a dark picture of young girls entering "a sexually hostile environment." The blame, needless to say, is placed squarely on the brawny shoulders of boys seeking to retain their physical superiority over girls and a culture that encourages their dominance. "At the time of life when boys start becoming proud of their bodies, their muscles,

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their penises, the expressive arc of their urine, girls begin retreating in shame."

Of all the paleo-feminist impulses, the one that says that women will never achieve equality with men until they become just like men is the most difficult for more recent generations of independent women to understand. Granted, for decades, girls and women were inhibited from realizing their athletic potential by an unwelcoming, if not blatantly discriminatory, male-dominated sporting establishment. It's understandable that women, whether they call themselves feminists or not, would seek to end discrimination. But why, one wonders, would we want to become just like men in the process?

The answer, of course, is power. *The Frailty Myth* isn't just about the boys wanting to keep the playing fields to themselves. At its core, writes Dowling, it has a "hidden agenda of keeping women in their place by keeping them believing in their weakness." This belief is "what made men self-sufficient" and women not. It was what made men necessary to women, not just for love and intimacy and friendship, but for their very survival. The weakness of women was the rationale for a belief in their total inferiority—"physical, mental, emotional."

It follows, then, that should women achieve physical parity with men, the political balance of power will shift as well. Men understand this, and they are prepared to fight to the last man, to see that it doesn't happen. "Make no mistake," Dowling writes. "Society's resistance to women having physical equality is huge. It's like Custer's last stand. If women should ever demonstrate that they're just as strong, agile, and enduring as men, the whole game would be up."

Dowling credits the passage of Title IX, the 1972 law that outlawed discrimination on the basis of sex in American education, with the limited progress women have made toward physical parity with men. By bringing the power of the federal government to bear on the he-man recalcitrants, she writes, Title IX has "slowly but surely punctured the male power mystique."

But the law that supposedly broke down the "artificial" physical differences between men and women has in fact served to isolate women from competition with men. By setting aside 50 percent of all athletic opportunities for women—regardless of their interest in sports—Title IX carves out a protective niche.

Today, cutting a women's program is virtually impossible, while men's programs are eliminated in the name of "gender equity." Since 1992 when Brown University was sued under Title IX for not maintaining a 50 percent female quota in its athletics program, not a single women's team has been eliminated in Division I collegiate athletics. Meanwhile, over twenty thousand male athletes have had their teams eliminated since 1992.

Instead of leveling the playing field for men and women, Title IX has made women a protected class. And the irony is that in Dowling's ideal—in which women would compete with men for spots on the same teams—athletic opportunities for women would be many, many fewer. The occasional female football placekicker notwithstanding, the fact is that Title IX has created opportunities for women by allowing athletic teams segregated by sex. And gender quota advocates have further shielded girls from competition with the boys by creating an effective affirmative action regime in collegiate sports. Should women prove themselves the equal of men, the rationale for this quota regime would disappear, and the "game" most certainly would be up—the game of women as politically empowered victims, that is.

Still, if Dowling and Mrs. Clinton can't face this prospect, there is a younger generation of women who are less frightened. They are more comfortable with being women. They want less to be boys than to be individuals. One night recently, I was tossing a miniature football back and forth outside with a friend. I let loose an uncharacteristically wobbly throw and a stranger passing by remarked, "You throw like a girl!"—and his young daughter, walking with him, retorted, "She is a girl!"

Hillary could learn a thing or two from her. ♦

Susan Estrich's America

Why can't a woman be more like a man?

BY DIANA FURCHTGOTT-ROTH

In *Sex & Power*, law professor and television commentator Susan Estrich sets out to show that discrimination and barriers prevent women from attaining top jobs in law firms, academia, politics, and business. But she actually establishes the opposite. In anecdote after anecdote, including several based on her own career, she shows that women have different preferences from men and make different career choices: Many do not want to put in the hours to get to the top if it means they have to sacrifice family time.

Sex & Power
by Susan Estrich
Riverhead Books, 285 pp., $24.95

To Estrich, power is getting fat paychecks and making decisions that affect large numbers of people. But, to many mothers, power is the ability to come home at a reasonable time and have a family dinner—or not to join the paid workforce at all. CEOs have certain types of power, but they don't have power over their own schedules. Estrich cites the example of Brenda Barnes, who left a top job

Diana Furchtgott-Roth is a resident fellow at the American Enterprise Institute and co-author of The Feminist Dilemma: When Success is Not Enough *(AEI Press, forthcoming).*

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at Pepsi because she couldn't be home for her children's birthdays.

Estrich admits that legislation has given women legal equality, but argues that unconscious discrimination persists and that our society has "policies and practices that exclude half the population from achieving their full potential in the public world." She suggests that society identify and change both written and unwritten rules that disadvantage women, rules centered around what Estrich sees as the inherent conflict between the demands of raising a family and achieving professional advancement.

In particular, Estrich suggests opening schools earlier and keeping them open later to give mothers help with child care. But the fate of the average or low-income woman is not her principal concern. Rather, she explores the missed opportunities—what she terms the lack of power—of women on the highest rungs. She proposes allowing women lawyers, for example, to make partner in their forties, rather than in their childbearing years, and encouraging job-sharing for partnerships and high-level corporate positions.

In order to measure progress, Estrich suggests that every quarter, American corporations be required to report the number of women at the top, just as they report profits. In her own words, "A workplace without women should be suspect and scrutinized accordingly. It's not a quota, any more than profit projections are. But the determination both to count and demand accountability reflects a judgment that success is both possible and important: you're expected to succeed, not just try hard. If you fail, you have to explain why, and it better be good."

Estrich seems unaware that all major employers, as well as all employers doing business with the federal government, already have to report this information to the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission (EEOC) on an annual, if not on a quarterly, basis. Despite her assertions to the contrary, major corporations already face what many regard as a quota, in that they can be investigated and prosecuted by the EEOC for employing too few women. The famous cases of Sears in the 1980s and Joe's Stone Crab restaurant in Miami, Florida, in the 1990s, where the EEOC brought charges of discrimination even though not one woman had complained, show that the system she proposes is alive and well.

Francis G. Mayer / CORBIS

John Singer Sargent's Paul Helleu Sketching with His Wife *(1889).*

Estrich does not discuss either the practicality or the cost of her recommendations: She simply assumes that the expense would be absorbed by the corporations. Presumably, if two women shared the CEO position, each would get paid only half the salary and have half the power—not a useful way to give women more of each.

More fundamentally, there are reasons why corporations do not "job-share" executive positions. Executives are highly compensated, but they also have enormous responsibility to the corporation. While compensation can easily be divided, responsibility for both success and failure cannot be shared. In Estrich's world, corporations exist not to produce goods and services for consumers and provide returns to shareholders, but to tackle difficult societal problems.

In the real world, equality of opportunity for men and women does not lead to precise equality of outcome, because, as Estrich repeatedly shows, men and women are different. When two groups are given the same job opportunities, and yet outcomes differ, discrimination is not necessarily the story. Another explanation is that the two groups have systematically different preferences, both in terms of the desirability of particular jobs and professions and in terms of hours of work. And that's precisely what Estrich has proved: When given a shot at the eighty-hour weeks and hectic travel required to get to the top of a major firm or corporation, many women (like many men) just say no.

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Consider a few examples among many. In the first chapter, Estrich writes, "In the first five minutes, a female law review president will tell you that she doesn't want to live like a man or the hard-driving women of my generation. She's not planning to make partner. Two years, then pregnancy, then who knows? I have never, ever heard a male law review president talk like that." In the same vein, she declares, "My girlfriends from law school started pulling back five to ten years after we graduated. Biological alarms blaring, they went in-house, of counsel, PTA. All the men I knew who'd gone to firms made partner."

Similarly, in chapter seven she writes, "Mary is a lawyer in a firm with more than five hundred lawyers. She is a high-powered partner who does transactions, works crazy hours, and has to travel. She has two kids under seven; she keeps a lot of balls in the air. One of the younger female associates came into her office recently and said to her, 'I don't want your life.'"

Surprisingly, Estrich also admits that some of the women who reach the top are not as qualified as men. She cites a study showing that fewer women than men had attained leadership positions in corporations before being invited to join the board. And she gives the example of a friend on a corporate board who describes being at a disadvantage because she is one of the few members who has never run a major company.

For that matter, Estrich herself falls short of the standards of scholarship expected from a powerful, tenured law professor. *Sex & Power* is riddled with inaccuracies. It refers to Clinton's lawyer as William, instead of Robert, Bennett, confusing two prominent brothers. It mistakenly attributes a well-known study by professor June O'Neill to the Pacific Research Institute. It describes part-time work as barely existing, when about a quarter of working women work part-time. Heidi Miller left Citigroup and went to *Priceline.com* well before the book went to press. There are no footnotes, and the bibliography contains erroneous citations.

But the book's central failing is a lack of intellectual integrity. In the final chapter of *Sex & Power*, while she explains her decision to move to California, where her husband lived, trading her tenured Harvard professorship for a post at the less-prestigious University of Southern California, Estrich confesses, "Work was my escape, my source of satisfaction, my family. But I always knew what I wanted. When the time came for me to make a choice, for me, it was no choice. I knew I wanted children. 'Knew' doesn't describe it. I have never been so certain of anything in my life."

Susan Estrich, mother of two, knows firsthand the overwhelming attraction of motherhood, yet she calls on young women to make a different choice from hers and instead to fulfill the mission of feminism and finish the revolution. Motherhood, of course, is the reason for the relatively small number of women at the top. As Estrich demonstrates but is too ideologically blinded to admit, human nature is such that this is unlikely to change soon. ♦

O Canada!

The assault on Cornelius Krieghoff, Canada's national painter. BY MICHAEL TAUBE

Cornelius David Krieghoff may be Canada's best-known artistic product, though "byproduct" is perhaps the better word. The German-Flemish painter was born in Amsterdam in 1815, emigrated with his parents to North America in 1835, and eventually settled in Montreal in 1840. He was completely self-taught and a great self-promoter, selling small paintings and portraits like there was no tomorrow. It has been estimated that he painted nearly two thousand pictures—detailed, cheery depictions of nineteenth-century Canadian life: native communities, winter sports, sleigh rides, and pioneers.

Dennis Reid, the chief curator and art historian at the Art Gallery of Ontario in Toronto, is an admirer of Krieghoff, and he has for years taught a graduate seminar on the painter's work at the University of Toronto. The course often includes a trip to examine the collection of Kenneth Thomson, which, at nearly 250 paintings, is the largest private Krieghoff collection in the world.

Michael Taube is a columnist for the Moncton Times & Transcript *in Canada.*

In October 1995, with encouragement from Thomson, Reid decided to undertake a massive research project to examine Krieghoff's paintings in galleries and private collections across Canada. The project has blossomed into the largest ever traveling exhibition of Krieghoff, over 152 paintings. After opening late last year at the Art Gallery of Ontario, the show has headed out for display in most of the major Canadian museums.

Reid also masterminded *Krieghoff: Images of Canada*, the volume accompanying the show. This book includes all of the paintings in the exhibition, plus three chapters of new scholarship on the artist. The book is magnificent and will be the standard-bearer for all discussion of Canada's national painter: his work, his life, and his passions.

The only problem is that the jury is still out on whether Krieghoff had any talent. His paintings do have their defenders. Writing in the *New Brunswick Telegraph-Journal*, Ian Lumsden, director of the Beaverbrook Art Gallery in Fredericton, attacks the various "critics and Marxist art historians" who have savaged "the romanticized works of Krieghoff as being racist and exploitive of the natives and habitants,

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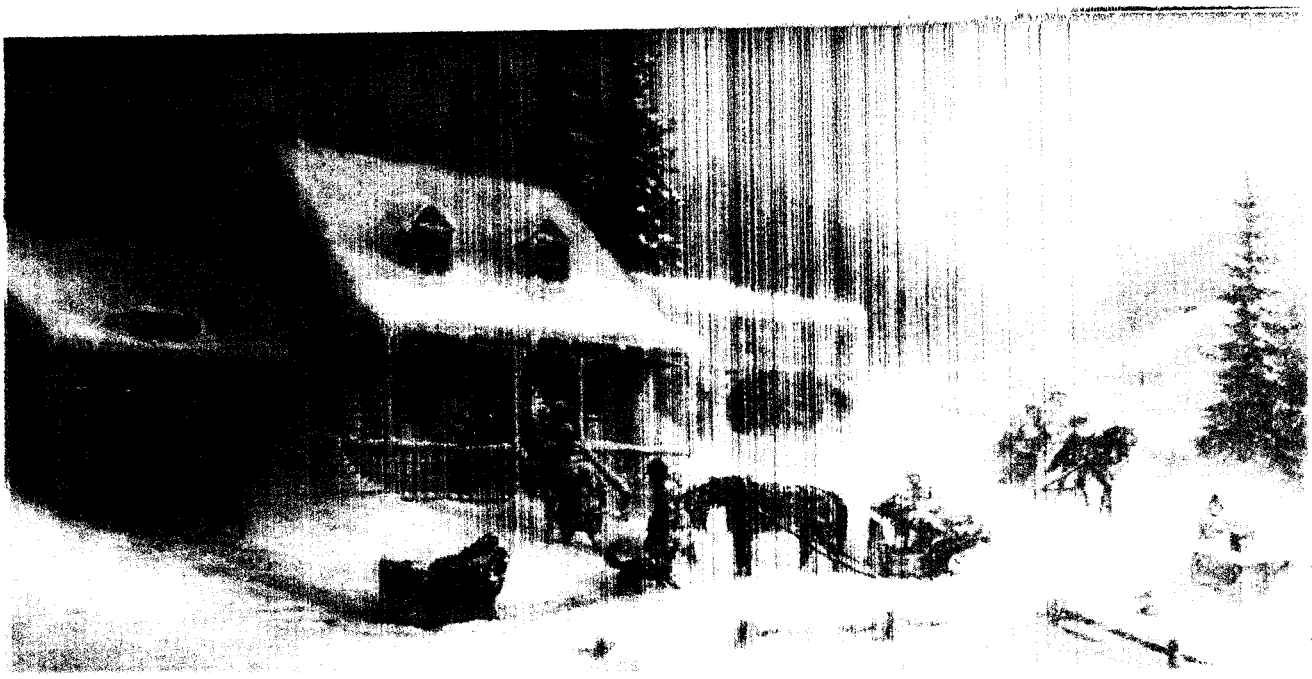

Art Gallery of Ontario

Cornelius Krieghoff's The Blacksmith Shop *(1871).*

who have been so quaintly and condescendingly depicted for the edification and entertainment of the artist's English-speaking patrons." The artist Jerry Pethick, writing in *Canadian Art*, claims Krieghoff was "an informed and intelligent person . . . gifted as a visual artist. . . . He also had the sensibility and manners to socialize with a broad spectrum of society."

The anti-Krieghoff camp, unfortunately, argues with more conviction. The art critic for the right-leaning *National Post*, John Bentley Mays, calls Krieghoff a "hack," totally devoid of "creative imagination" and talent. Blake Gopnik, critic for the *Globe and Mail*, probably won't get a Christmas card from his boss for observing that "this paragon of Canadian art was a plain lousy painter." (His boss is the aforementioned Krieghoff collector Kenneth Thomson, owner of the *Globe and Mail*.) Christopher Hume, who writes for the *Toronto Star*, is a bit more descriptive, calling Krieghoff "a chocolate-box artist whose kitschy compositions come to us like a quaint series of postcards from a bygone age."

Reid, for his part, refuses to accept such criticism. Nor should he—if the reason for the attacks is Krieghoff's lack of a properly postmodern vision of Canada. The painter seemed to believe in an underlying Canadian reality that was brave, unapologetic, and cheerful. Like other successful North American immigrant artists, Krieghoff gained the support of a strong anglophone community with artistic interests and great wealth. And this milieu helped determine what he painted. "Krieghoff's images of Canada are romantic, of another time, and in many ways about another place," Reid writes. "A Canada that in part existed only in his vision, and presumably in the hopes and beliefs of those who encouraged him."

His critics have argued ad nauseam that Krieghoff's paintings are nothing more than jovial misrepresentations of what was a thoroughly hard life for French Canadian immigrants and the native peoples. It's true that Krieghoff was enamored of the rustic beauty of the nineteenth-century French-Canadian countryside, but he also knew its volatile populace was ready to explode in a moment's notice over everything from a lack of food to forced work. Picturesque sleigh races were common. And so were bloody accidents and drunken driving.

Krieghoff saw Canadians as "self-assertive and proud, a people who often lived in harsh surroundings, but who did more than merely endure." His paintings are stocked with blue and red toques, sleighs, dogs, boisterous adults, and young children. The hardship of winter was a common theme, as was the joy and exuberance of being with family and friends.

Krieghoff portrayed the Indians, in particular, as heroic hunters and fishermen, surrounded by beautiful backdrops of open forests, mountains, water, and snow. Today's art critics typically see only the condescension, missing the fact that Krieghoff idealized Indians every bit as much as he idealized French Canadians. (While his white subjects were often depicted with alcohol, there is not a single example of alcohol in any of the native paintings.) Krieghoff also painted innumerable single-figure portraits of Indians during the Quebec years. Some subjects, such as an Indian trapper on snowshoes, were "produced very frequently, sometimes in virtually identical versions." The traveling exhibition has an entire wall devoted to these single-figure portraits.

The reason Krieghoff did so many of these paintings is, of course, that they were very popular with his patrons. And perhaps more than anything else, it is this scent of commercial success that so repels Canada's current crop of art critics. To churn out a large number of small portraits like a modern-day silk-screen artist smacks of mass production, free marketeering, and entrepreneurship—everything they hate.

It is a pity that Krieghoff, who so loved Canada, should receive such shabby treatment from her art-scene scribblers. For though his talent may not have taken him much beyond the reach of Christmas cards, he deserved better than to have become a whipping boy for Canada's modern disease of anti-Canadian snobbery. ♦

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"Gore is a man whose view of the world seems to have been as equally formed by listening to Bob Dylan songs as by reading dense policy reports. At one point, we ask him to take apart the lyrics of 'It's Alright, Ma (I'm Only Bleeding),' which contains his favorite Dylan line: 'He not busy being born is busy dying.'"

–From "Al Gore: The Rolling Stone Interview," November 9, 2000

. . . That's incredible, Mr. Vice President. You really know your Dylan. Are there any other songs that shaped your view of the world?

Oh, absolutely. One song, in particular, I think, is a metaphor for all of us, and certainly for my own personal odyssey, from my humble beginnings on a hardscrabble Tennessee farm, to my years in the NFL and my rewarding career as an astronaut, then winning the Pulitzer Prize and on through eight years of leading the Gore-Clinton administration as vice president. [Begins to sing, strumming an air guitar.] "On the first part of the journey, I was looking at all the life . . ."

Isn't that . . .

Yes. "Horse With No Name" is a song that has always spoken to me at a deep, almost sub-cutaneous level. If you'll allow me to continue . . .

But – well, many people consider that song to be the dumbest ever recorded.

That doesn't surprise me. It was Rod McKuen, I think, who taught us that a post-industrial consciousness will actively devalue the poetic sensibility, in a process of reverse-atomization. With a bi-dimensional, or even tri-dimensional, model, a line like "In the desert you can remember your name, 'Cause there ain't no one for to give you no pain, la, la la, la la la la, la la la la laaaa," simply becomes one of several possible iterations of a universally apprehended metaphor. Do you follow me?

Yes, oh yes.

May I borrow your notepad? [Begins to draw intersecting donut shapes.] You see the replicationalized pattern repeated in the next lines: "The first thing I met was a fly with a buzz, And the sky with no clouds, The heat was hot." The heat was hot – do you see? The lyrics are adducing a model in which the belief system itself folds back on itself. "There were plants and birds and rocks and things," which raises the question of thingness.

You've really thought a lot about this.

There's a story here. Many years ago, in the mid-seventies, I bought a horse. What to name it? I drew a blank. I was standing around with some of my friends from a local band – they called themselves "America," at my suggestion, actually – and I said, "I just can't name that horse." And I said, "Jeesh, it's really hot out here, isn't it? Like a desert. A fellow can barely remember his own name." A few months later, the song came out.

Wow. So you actually . . .

I don't want to get into the game of who gets the credit for inspiring the song. But the fact of the matter is, I did have a horse with no name. And by the way, it would not have been the first time something like this had happened to me. You know the Hendrix classic "Purple Haze"? Tipper and I were fortunate to know Jimi back at Yale, and one time he'd brought over this killer Sinsemilla and we [*Cont. on 347*]

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The Cost of Discrimination

: Andrew Hanssen is a national fellow at the ɔover Institution and an assistant professor, Department of ʌgricultural Economics and Economics, at ontana State University.

he story of Jackie Robinson and his auspicious pairing with Brooklyn Dodgers' president Branch Rickey to break major league baseball's color barrier in 1947 is well known. Less well known is the role competitive market forces played in that story. The driving impetus behind baseball's integration was the desire to win games. Because the Dodgers wanted to win, they signed Jackie Robinson. And because other baseball owners also wanted to win, they could not continue to ignore African Americans once Jackie Robinson took the field. **The cost of remaining segregated when others integrated was too high.**

Three years earlier, the Dodgers had finished seventh in an eight-team league and Branch Rickey was under fire. Needing to win, he recognized the potential of the shunned African American ballplayers. "The greatest untapped reservoir of raw material in the history of the game is the black race!" he said. "The Negroes will make us winners for years to come, for which I will happily bear being called a bleeding heart and a do-gooder and all that humanitarian rot." Integrating unexpectedly, Rickey was careful not to announce the signing of Jackie Robinson until he had locked up several other top African American prospects, including future Hall of Famer Roy Campanella and future Cy Young Award winner Don Newcombe.

While the Dodgers were winning six National League pennants between 1947 and 1956, pressure was growing on other teams to integrate. The source of that pressure was not moral but financial. According to my statistical analysis, each African American player in the starting lineup was worth six additional wins to his team in 1950. That is a *big* number—the average gap between first and second place during the last fifty years has been about six games. Inevitably, the National League integrated.

The situation was slightly different in the American League, but the eventual result was the same. The dominant AL team until the mid-1960s was the New York Yankees, who paid the price for not signing African American players during the 1950s. Although the strength of their roster enabled them to continue winning for a while, their fifty years of dominance came to an end. In 1965, the Yanks lost more games than they won for the first time since 1919. Eleven years would pass before the next Yankee pennant; in that 1976 pennant win, six of the nine starters were African American.

The moral is that discriminating in a competitive setting is costly. Just as baseball teams that refuse to sign the best players lose more often, firms that refuse to hire the best available candidates regardless of race, gender, and so forth have higher costs, produce lower-quality products, or are slower to innovate than their nondiscriminating rivals. As Nobel Prize–winning economist Gary Becker points out, **society's best safeguard against persistent discrimination is competition.** Racist and sexist firms either mend their ways or go bankrupt. We can see the fruits of this lesson on the ball field, where today African American ballplayers make up 30 percent of all major leaguers.

— F. Andrew Hanssen

Paid for by the Hoover Institution, Stanford University

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